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Growth *in* Silence



Susanna Cocroft





Growth in Silence

FIFTH EDITION

This One



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Susanna Croft.

GROWTH IN SILENCE

The Undertone of Life

BY

SUSANNA CROCROFT

COMMANDANTE
UNITED STATES TRAINING CORPS

FOR
PROMOTION OF THE HEALTH OF WOMEN

AUTHOR OF
SELF-SUFFICIENCY
THE VITAL ORGANS
FOODS, NUTRITION AND DIGESTION
HABITS: THE NERVOUS SYSTEM
MOTHERHOOD
THE CIRCULATION: HEART, LUNGS
AIDS TO BEAUTY
POISE AND SYMMETRY OF FIGURE
CHARACTER—AS EXPRESSED IN THE BODY
THE WOMAN WORTH WHILE
ETC., ETC.

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1819 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY



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Growth in Silence

WITH what a draught of pure exhilaration we open the eastern windows of the morning to the new day!

The new day!—its surface is unruffled! The yesterday has gone into the west—only the thoughts of that day which make for eternity have been traced upon its pages. The mantle of rest and of silence has tenderly covered it, while the night has borne it with silent tread, hours away! The soft night wind has lulled it to dreamless, lasting sleep.

Leave it in peace—to-day, to-morrow are before us.

With the dew of morning all vegetation drinks in new life, new growth; the buds fill the air with fragrance; the birds nigh burst their throats in the ecstasy of a new song.

Growth in Silence

Life is swelling, pulsing, from every crack and crevice.

Mental forces adjust themselves under cover of the night, and thoughts, in the evening confusion, by morning are clear and un-ruffled, ready for the fresh beginning. Do not stir up the contention of yesterday—carve the future on the clear surface of to-day.

Does some solitary one awaken downcast, heavy hearted, with drooping shoulders, clouded face, and careworn brow—a discordant note, out of harmony with the song of the universe? Lift chest, head, and eyes—fill the lungs to overflowing with pure fresh air. Then be passive—listen. All nature is glad! Let the joyous melody of the universe lift you up! up! up! until you are filled with joy at the thought of being a part of the great soul of life. *Opportunity* for expansion, for growth, for freedom, for fullness of life, is yours.

Were your nerves in such poise that yesterday's conditions worried you? Did you see life through a cloud darkly?

To-day's horizon is clear; the clouds are behind—*to-day is yours to carve.*

Every morning you take your life direct from your Source.

To plod through life with downcast eyes, doing things of slight account, with mental forces fixed alone on the materials of life, means to cramp the spirit, to miss the broader view, the exhilaration of the deep draughts of air,—means failure to expand to the larger compass.

When the starved heart needs nourishment, when things go wrong, when troubles loom mountain high, turn your thoughts to your blessings. Go into the sunshine where the blessings are seen more clearly. Give place to the beautiful, the ennobling purposes of life.

Look for life's beauties. The world is full of the beauty of doing, of being; but sometimes one's point of view needs lifting to a higher plane, that the blessings may stand out clearly.

Keep mind and heart fixed on the true,

the good; they become high lights from your new point of view. Give to the annoying little things their little places—trifles are but bubbles—if not dwelt on they soon will burst in air.

Kind thoughts dispel wrong, dispel gloom, and as you form the habit of looking for good, for beauty, your list of good thoughts will multiply and your heart will be fed with the gladness of living.

Open the windows of the soul—then be silent. Listen!—there is a message for you:

“Behold I bring you good tidings of *great joy*, which shall be to *all* people”; and

“Unto *you* is born this day a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.” Again:

“Peace, *My* peace I give unto *you*.”

Be silent. Listen. Let these thoughts impress.

The world is the nursery of the race. It is an uncultivated garden prepared by an Infinite God for His little children. Season succeeds season with nourishment for fruition; kind deeds succeed kind impulses and

hearts and lives expand and grow, while
*brooding over all is the love and the hovering
presence of the Father.*

Nowhere in all earth's confines can one of the unknowing, helpless ones go beyond His protection or be really harmed. The confines of the enclosure are secure. In the consciousness of this security let us cease to struggle.

He made the world and He said, "It is good."

He pronounced upon it His sacred benediction.

What a balm to troubled spirits to feel the good will of the Father toward Earth's children, to feel this "*Good Will,*" the "*Peace on Earth*" permeate our very being!

What need for worry or for fear?

Receptivity

Receptivity We are learning a new psychology—the advantage of receptivity over inward strife.

“Remember that we do not have to fight, we do not have to struggle, we only have to *know*.”

As the windows of the morning are unbarred, open wide the windows of the soul that the sunshine, the inspiration, the love-light may pour in as your Creator bids you a cheery good-morning. He sends His greeting through the twittering birds, the breath of the flowers, the murmuring night wind, the voices of the children, the sparkling wave, the mountain grandeur, and the deep sea roar. He bids you—

“Be still, and know that I am God.”
God *your* Father.

Look within. Touch your soul depth—then you are at *peace*.

Before each day's contact with life begins, listen for the voice of stillness, calling you into harmony with Nature, drawing you to the sweet naturalness of your being. Take time each morning to let this quiet permeate and you will begin the day in poise. Peace, sweet peace will speak through the radiance of your countenance and through the quiet grace of your movement. You will save yourself the annoyance, the noise of haste.

To yield one's self, to feel a part of all life, of all growth, is to give Nature a chance to attune body, mind and soul to the harmony of the universe. From this receptive attitude growth begins. This keynote fully vibrating the fullness of life has begun and little things cease to annoy; they are but accidentals; they do not affect the keynote nor the swell of the undertone.

We are learning that *to let go* means to hold with a more potent force; that to listen to the voice of the Divine melody within means to drop the tin-soldier trivialities.

The Divine *letting go* relaxes you to receive the inflow of power.

In the state of repose God uses us in a more subtle way than when our forces are turbulent with too strenuous efforts. Work? Yes; but work with the consciousness that you are working in His vineyard. Know that the confines of the vineyard are secure. You have naught to fear. Everything, everyone, is your friend. The touch of man with man is food. Activity is joy.

Struggling amid a sea of perplexities only exhausts. Heart and brain are stronger if not held tense. Relax.

Has contact with friend displeased? "Agree with thine adversary quickly" before the displeasure grips brain and body in its tension. Clear the atmosphere. Learn to laugh. He is still your friend if you accept him as such.

Remember life is rich, beautiful; its *fullness* is yours. You are *born* to it—you need only to be happy and to *know*.

You *inherit* purity, love, goodness. They

are a part of the woof of your being. You will find them within. They are waiting only to be recognized. They are life's sunshine. Just as soon as you claim them as a part of life itself, your life, God's life, they will radiate sunshine to others through you.

Flowers do not grow to perfection by constantly buffeting the elements. They require sunshine, warmth, and light from without, but their nourishment is within. Your light and the love on which you feed are within yourself. Others only set your thoughts in vibration. Your heart is the garden—keep it warm, decide on the flowers you would grow there, and then cultivate, nourish them with kind, loving thoughts.

Relax into the naturalness of your being. Touch bottom—be yourself—then *listen*—you will find the best, the truth within you pulsing for expansion, *ex*-pression. It is in the deep holy of holies of self which no one but you can enter.

Life! Life is beauty, is inspiration, is love, is growth. It is crowding earth and

heaven for standing room. It is swelling, expanding within you. Listen and be glad! Be glad because it gives you a chance to love and to serve and to look up at the stars. Let Nature in all her moods teach you how to live.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank,
Here will we sit and let the sound of music float
into our ears.

Soft stillness and the night become the touches
of sweet harmony.

See how the floor of heaven is inlaid with platins
of bright gold.

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim;
Such harmony is in immortal souls.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

We actually do most for others by leading them into harmony with self, by making them feel the beauties of life—and the human touch of it. The true being grows stronger in this harmony—the best within us sprouts and grows from this natural atmosphere.

Stillness shows us the fullness of love, the consciousness of harmony.

Personal love is perfect accord between two individuals and leads to the greater love, to Universal love—the love of all things, love of the universe. Personal love, to be lasting, must comprehend the greater, bigger love—love of trees, of birds, of flowers, of humanity, of life itself in harmony with its Source.

When personal worship is raised to higher reverence and blends with the universal, then

That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Let in the love of all created things, the
Universal love, and

The discords, quenched in meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.

To Be, Not to Seem

To be, not to seem; to distinguish
~~To be,~~ the true from the false; to see
~~Not to Seem~~ beauty and to find inspiration in
the simple things of life; to keep the mind
receptive, sweet, and serene, with a spirit
which reaches out in true helpfulness—these
are the vibrant notes of happiness; and thus
do we grow, thus are we of value to our friends
and to ourselves.

To the close student of human expression
there is no deceiving, there can be no ap-
pearing, for the very thought which stimu-
lated the pretense is reflected in delicate
tracery on face and form, in subtle movement
and voice. *Affectation* is recognized as an
effort to seem, not to be.

Spend a little time each day in silence—
in the depths of the billows which never break
on the beach, listening for guidance to the
underswell of life to know in what direction

it is bearing you. So shall you be borne strongly and steadily onward and upward to a vantage ground where you see life from the hill crest, and see yourself a part of Nature's underswell.

We need to go away from our habitual surroundings to see our lives from a different vantage point. We need to go alone among the trees and the flowers and the birds. These make us to know the beauty of being over seeming. We cannot "seem" surrounded by Nature.

Nothing is greater than life in its simplicity, shorn of its seeming.

The society of birds and of streams, the comradeship of the forests, the ocean, and the running brook make man to know himself.

The contact with men and mortar in cities overstimulates. Man becomes dazed, drunk with power. Nature calls him to the shelter of the woods for rest, for balance.

Do I like the city, stranger? 'tisn't likely that
I would;

"Tisn't likely that a ranger from the border ever
could.

• • • • •

Like it? No I love to wander
Mid the vales and mountains green,
In the borderland out yonder,
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

Mental and Physical Poise

To meet the day, to make the ^{Mental and} best development in the life which ^{Physical} the new day heralds, to be strong ^{Poise} and such complete master of self that all impressions made on the lives of others are for uplift, for gladness, for love and goodness, one must have uniform development—must have perfect poise of mind and brain.

We must be receptive to good impressions. The mental attitude with which we approach a subject determines the amount and character of good or ill we carry from it.

We are to hear a lecture by one who has won a world-wide reputation; we go expectant, with mind, heart, and soul eager to drink in, and as we drink we are filled.

Another, of whom we have heard unfavorable comment, might give the same lecture, but in our critical mood we close our mind to the good, and, dwelling on flaws, which in

an expectant, positive state we would not see, we get only a partial help.

Perhaps one is out of physical harmony and someone with whom we are living suggests a certain treatment; but we are tired of this one's counsels, so we refuse to follow suggestions and we continue to suffer. A physician in whom we have faith suggests exactly the same treatment and we recover. Was it the treatment, or the receptive mind, and, as a result, the relaxed nerves?—or both?

Our mental attitudes are often barriers to our best welfare and greatest happiness.

The music is not in the singer's voice, it is not in the sound wave, it is in the responsive vibration of the ear drum and the mental sensation produced on the listener—it is in the respondent soul vibration.

A party of tourists were being shown through the echoing caves of Kentucky. One lady, who failed to adjust herself to the dampness and roughness of the stones, spoke in disagreeable, sharp tones to her companions and her guide. Her tone echoed and

reëchoed, coming back to the ears of the party in a few seconds with the disagreeable quality emphasized. Still more angry she again complained to her guide about the disagreeable sounds.

"But, madam, these old caves will give you back music and beauty if you give music and beauty to them."

So it is, music for music, joy for joy, love for love.

Poise is balance, is equilibrium, equanimity, equity. It presupposes perfect physical development, mental balance, and spiritual receptivity.

Mental strength results from a brain well nourished by good blood and exercised by variety of thoughts. If the mind dwell on one thing too long it tires the brain, as overworking one set of muscles tires the body. For mental balance it is as necessary to think on different subjects as in physical balance it is necessary to exercise different sets of muscles.

Moral strength lies in the right adjustment of our thoughts to those about us.

There can be no true harmony of existence unless physical, mental, and moral forces are in proper balance.

There are latent possibilities in every nature which become potent with new thoughts, new aspirations, new ideals, and we meet the emergencies in life with the sense of power within, of capability to grapple with difficulties and overcome them.

But we must KEEP WELL. The world needs WELL men, WELL women for balance, strength, courage, inspiration, hope, and love. No matter what one's work in life, health is the greatest asset.

Man is given mental forces capable of poise too deep for wind or wave. Reach down and take hold of self.

The greatest conquest one can make is victory over self—complete control of thoughts and nerves, so that we look over and beyond the little annoyances, preserving under the most trying conditions the sweet, reposeful serenity of silence.

A great soul will rise through buffeting

and trials to a spirit of helpfulness, of whole-souled heartiness in life's work; a little soul will rail at its hardships, embittered toward those who have kept shoulder to the wheel and, by the helpful, wholesome spirit, have conquered.

So live that every friend and brother you bespeak in passing is stronger, better for the contact.

Do you find yourself worrying over trifles because they affect your happiness or that of those dear to you? Be sure that you are not holding the umbrella of discontent so strenuously close that you restrict your vision. The sun may be breaking through the clouds, but you must look to find it.

Hitch your chariot to a star and the pebbles on the earth cause slight friction. Little things which once annoyed become trifles, light as air.

Are you self-centered? Have you no horizon beyond your personal environment? Interest yourself in some of the larger, more vital problems of the lives of others. Life

is *so full* of really *big* things. Expand to the biggest thing you can find and translate the impulse into action.

We are given a temple beautiful, perfect, for the indwelling of a soul. To keep it beautiful, free, pliable, and abounding with native grace and force, a ready means of expressing and reflecting the Godhead, is a sacred trust. Methinks the soul's home may affect the soul, just as the beauty or lack of taste in our surroundings affects us.

Keep your figure perfect in outline as God gave it so that its graceful and beautiful curves are not only a delight to your artistic sense, but they also gratify the longing for the beautiful in your family and your friends.

Did you ever admire one woman in a crowd whose very attitude expressed freedom, poise, dignity, and power?

I have seen women whose dignity of bearing gave them an audience wherever they went.

Think of the power such women exert!

Then look at the masses of women, slouchy, careless, and ungainly in poise and movement, with rounding shoulders, drooping chests, and heads, with eyes fixed on the ground. Let us grow upright—grow up into the light as do the tall trees of the forest—an inspiration for uplift, for freedom to all who behold them.

Why is the womanly, wholesome, self-poised woman the exception? Why so many imperfect figures? Why so much ill health?

Because we have not claimed our privileges and set our ideals high.

Nothing short of perfection in health and figure should satisfy man or woman.

Let us arise to our privileges. Each can command respect and attention through upright poise, through grace and freedom of bearing; each can educate, uplift, refine by her very presence.

How beautiful life would be if each retained the beauty and grace of childhood, every curve and movement of the body expressing grace and graciousness.

A graceful, well-poised body, symmetrical in curve, rhythmical in movement, reacts on the thought and the spirit.

Art would be meaningless, marble and canvas would be meaningless, did not thoughts carve themselves in muscular outline. The lowering brow, the sunken chest, the droop at the corners of the eye and the mouth, the upright poise, the buoyant step, each has its expression—they tell where lines have been carved deepest, where the high lights and the shadows lie.

That artificial teaching, therefore, which works for grace or movement from without, expresses its own shallowness. True grace is graciousness and from within; but the surface kept free and sensitized by freedom of nerve and muscle, more readily reflects the image.

The artist who uses the nude as a means of spiritual expression is educating the world to see it in its true light. The symmetrical curves, outlines, and movements of the human form are the most perfect expressions of art

in nature, and the man or woman who is blind to the ideal, to the spiritual in bodily expression, who sees the nude in art as immodest, needs the artistic sense developed—needs lifting out of the mere physical, needs to recognize that the flesh and blood is the means which the soul uses for expression on this plane. “To the good all things are good, to the pure all things are pure.”

The body is the work of the Divine Artist—all other art is but finite imitation.

The Man of Galilee was a perfect example of poise—physical, mental, and spiritual.

Artists portray him as the “Lowly Nazarene,” bent under the weight of his burdens. They paint him with shoulders drooping, head forward, with facial and bodily outlines expressing mental depression, despondency, and submission; this attitude is a physical expression entirely at variance with his nature.

He was a man of *power*, who *knew* his power. He *must* have stood expressing his poise and power. A little above the average

in size, of perfect health, of magnificent carriage, free movement, head up and well poised on square shoulders, expressing patience, his whole bearing must have denoted his high purpose and his consciousness of its fulfillment, his completeness.

Moving at ease among all classes of men, in the Sanhedrin, at the court of Pontius Pilate, before Herod the Great, his physical bearing must have expressed the ease, dignity, and strength of a man who had come to establish his kingdom in the heart of man, not the woebegone, despondent burden-bearer, as portrayed by many artists.

Humanity is transformed by the power of its ideals, and the weak and pitiable conception of the Christ is a false standard for our model. Truly speaks the inspired apostle: "We shall be like him for we shall see him as he is."

He *knew* his kingdom would be established—not in Jerusalem, not in the Roman Empire, but on earth. He never spoke with uncertainty, but as one who *knew*—"and I, if I

be lifted up, will draw *all men unto me.*" Not "perhaps," but "I WILL." The very attitude "I WILL" is expressed by upright chest, head and shoulders erect.

He said, "I will," and the world is coming to him in multitudes—not all in the same caravan, but each according to his nature. There never was a time when men followed the standard bearer and marched so surely and steadfastly to victory.

Narrow chests, facial muscles drawn towards the center, eyes drawn in, shoulders forward and rounding, express the self-centered, the narrow-minded. It is as if the mental veil were folded about in such a way as neither to allow the sunlight to flood the soul from without nor to allow it to expand and to grow from within.

The door of the soul locked, each knock is met with suspicion. Every man, every approach is deemed antagonistic until proved friendly. This mental poise means tense nerves; if habitual it means grooves worn in the brain, so deep that thought naturally

flows through these channels, and, as with wrinkles on the face, constant care in directing the thoughts to other channels is necessary.

The habit of drooping the back and the shoulders, of carrying the head forward and down, of keeping the eyes chained to the ground, instead of raised above their level to an equanimity, a balance, a poise above pebbles, expresses the plodder. It is suggestive of the struggle we make in constantly groveling with trivial things at our feet. It indicates that

Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind.

As you cultivate the habit of carrying the head, chest, and eyes level, note how the entire universe is lifted to the same plane. As you lift chest, head, and eyes, lift body, mind, and soul—then be passive, be silent, let God pour in His sunlight until you expand to it.

We see the world from our mental poise,

our own viewpoint. Does it seem lonely or unkind? Look within. See to it that the heart is right. Perhaps your mental balance needs adjusting, perhaps the circulation through the vital organs needs quickening, the lungs an air bath, or the nerve force may need distribution by a systematic series of dynamic breathing exercises, accompanied by exercise for mental concentration.

Remember man's natural poise, his birth-right, is to meet the day with a thrill of joy at being alive.

Look out—not in.

Look up—not down.

Lend a hand.

Education

Education Filling the mind with a certain number of facts, cramming it with a given number of subjects, is not education.

Schools and colleges offer opportunities for mental as well as physical training, but they are not necessary to the making of a *man*.

Knowledge means—*to know*. It is applied facts. We never really know until we have turned facts over in our minds and *created* our own opinions. Then knowledge becomes education.

Higher knowledge is, after all, but the sum of experiences. Without experience we *know* nothing.

Education is of the heart, mind, and brain. It is opening the shutters of the windows of the soul, and revealing the truths of nature; it is the realization of one's possibilities, physical, mental, and spiritual.

Let none be discouraged that they have not had the opportunities for university or college training. Information is knocking at the back door with the delivery boy and at the front door with the postman.

Many a young man goes through college with every advantage money can buy, while the brother who remains on the farm, with an attentive mind and heart, who listens and applies, may be the better educated of the two. The one has information of a certain kind; the other may have the capacity to feel, to know, to apply.

The mastery of so many facts, without the balance to apply them, is mere mental gymnastics to develop brain tissue.

Education is the awakening of the desire to see the light and to apply the beauties without to the beauties within—it is vision power. It is man's dignity and privilege to think God's thoughts.

With a fundamental knowledge of a few principles which open opportunities for comparison, one may become educated in the

depths of the forest. Nature speaks with a million tongues, and he who hath ears to hear makes the knowledge gained a part of self. Christ spent forty days in the wilderness.

Man cannot sit at his counter day after day and be more than a clerk. To be a manager he must have vision. He cannot get this vision except from distances.

We need to get away from self to see ourselves as others see us.

To place ourselves in life in all of its fullness we must be broad-gauged men and women. To broaden our horizon we must reach out in earnest effort to expand. Then the laws of life will take care of the rest.

The true spiritual mother and father receive their education direct from their Creator. They listen and apply until they learn the true meaning of "immaculate conception."

Happiness

The one great duty we owe to humanity—particularly to those in daily contact with us, is the cultivation of the habit of happiness.

True happiness, exhilarating gladness, fullness of joy, the ocean of peace, are all within. If you cannot find happiness within yourself to-day, you will not find it to-morrow. It rests in your education of self—in your point of view. It depends on whether you are expecting it to come through grasping for things without, or whether you relax to let it shine from within. It is in your mental habit of looking on conditions about and illuminating these with your own sunlight.

Why so much unhappiness? Why the sorrow? Perhaps it is because, in the present state of enlightenment, we do not recognize that we need not be burden bearers. The burden has been lifted. The truth has made

us *free*. Why plod the valleys? Why not leap from hill crest to hill crest? Regeneration? We were His in the cradle; why not thankfully, happily His to the grave?

Heaven is a condition within one's own soul, it is not a place, and happiness is not found by wandering from shore to shore, from continent to continent, with the gates of the heart closed. It is in your habit of keeping the door wide open to let out the flood of inner sunshine. You do not have to create the sunshine. It is peeking out at every corner. Look and you'll feel its flood bursting within.

But you must cultivate the habit of keeping the door wide open. A cold wind may sometimes blow it almost shut, but stand guard and keep the door open to light every traveler in your radius.

Many a one rushes to the convention hall, to the ball, to the seashore, to the land of the midnight sun, or to the regions of the equator, and returns, after a weary search, to find happiness in the song of the bird

on his own threshold, in the heart of a rose in his own garden, or in the silence of his own inner chamber.

The all-wise architect uses the simplest means to reveal Himself unto man. That which he has been seeking was here; it is here; it needs only to be recognized.

The story is told of a man who left his family to journey to a far country for gold. He returned empty-handed, and sitting by the cottage fireside gave up to his gloom.

His practical wife suggested that if he would dig in the garden, planting fruit and vegetables, the earth might yield that which would sell for gold. His fork struck a pot of buried treasure.

Even the world has sought afar off for what is near at hand.

You inherit happiness. It is your legacy—invest it.

The true secret of satisfaction with life is in unselfish usefulness and in the habit of opening the mind and soul to recognition of the good and the beautiful. Form the habit

of expecting goodness in others and—"according to thy faith be it unto thee." We find what we seek.

No one gets more than you unless they look for it harder and longer.

Accept the happiness of to-day, instead of worrying for fear of unhappiness to-morrow. All that life holds of gladness is the joy which we snatch from each day as it passes. There is no to-morrow for joy or sorrow—it is to-day. In all noble relations, the moment is all.

The gospel of usefulness is the uplift from unhappiness. It is vision power to detect the sunshine behind the cloud.

When the day comes that we "wrap the drapery of our couches about us and lie down to pleasant dreams" may the monument erected over us be a continuation of good deeds. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Thus do we join "the choir invisible" whose music is the gladness of the world.

The unhappy one needs to arise to his privileges; there is work to do for others, there is the great growth and expansion within one's self to be realized, which comes alone from reaching out. Think of the privilege of doing, of achieving and of creating in the companionship and with the buoyant help of all the great and good who have achieved before us!

Let us take nothing short of perfect manhood and womanhood for our ideal, and *let us reach that ideal.*

Unhappy because of environment? To a certain extent, yes; but the frictions of life but burnish man's metal, and the more trying the environment, the sweeter and the stronger the development of the soul which works out a perfect growth through the choking weeds about it.

There is no man-made environment too dense for God's sunlight to penetrate, and the horizon line of the impossible recedes as we advance. The real environment is the atmosphere of one's thoughts in the silence. It is the self aura.

It is a great man who lets go the past, who lets the yesterday go into the west, and bravely faces east for new joys, for new pleasure, for new duties, ready to weave whatever comes with that day into a crown at eventide.

In the study of many books, let us not forget the book of human life. In the study of ancient history, let us not forget that we are making history to-day. In the study of the lives of great men, let us remember the great men of the hour, not forgetting that there are men as great in our immediate circles as those whom occasion has helped to bring to prominence.

Epictetus says: "If man is unhappy, remember that his unhappiness is his own fault, for God has made all men to be happy. No one was ever yet made utterly miserable, excepting by himself."

Each has individual problems. But problems may be pleasures. It depends on the mental poise with which we meet them.

You mistrust that someone would injure

you? Nothing can injure unless you let it do so by your thought of it.

Someone has wronged you? Be sure that you do not sink into the mire of *self-pity*. There is no more self-centered, debilitating state of mind than that of feeling sorry for self. Rise out of it to understanding of and sympathy for others. Learn to forget self in active service for someone else.

Do you suffer because you have made the sufferings of someone near and dear your own? Sympathize and understand, but if you let your mind and spirit sink to a level with his or hers, you lose the power to help, to uplift. Your help must lie in directing their vision beyond themselves.

In our complex state of society, surrounded by people of varied temperaments and nerve forces, it takes a strong character to refrain from overstimulation and to relax in poise. But happiness does not preclude serious thoughtfulness. It is indicated, not by the meaningless smile, but by the undertone of love and brightness. It means the conscious-

ness of that exhilarating spring within from which the mental and spiritual force is constantly flowing. One must be strong to apply the knowledge of the never-ending supply of "Peace, Power, and Plenty," in the adjustments of everyday affairs.

Life is just a series of adjustments, and we may approach them with a frown or with a conscious privilege of opportunity for helpfulness and development. Happiness, like any virtue, grows by cultivation.

Judge Not

Pity the poor soul who seemingly regards it as a tribute to superior judgment to be able to detect faults in others and to bring those faults to the light, colored from her point of view.

Living on the faults of others like parasites is poor food for the mind, lacking nourishment and strength. It fills the garden with weeds so there is no room for flowers.

Criticism affects the life it feeds on only when the suggestion is acted on by that mind. The deleterious effect is on the life of the one who feeds on the poisonous thoughts.

A grain of wheat will reproduce a grain of wheat, a thistle will reproduce a thistle, a rose will reproduce a rose, a beautiful thought will reproduce a beautiful thought.

Then how potent for good, right, charitable thoughts must be, and what opportunity to do good by simply thinking aright!

“Judge not that ye be not judged, for with that measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.”

“Let him who is without fault among you cast the first stone.”

After all, unhappiness is the result of being self-centered, of being so wrapped up in all that pertains to our own lives that we have no time nor room for expansion and growth. The little orbit of our lives seems to us so important that we fear the effect of any new thought. The self-centered person lives in fear and dread of what this or that person may say or do. Every upward effort is paralyzed.

Put self in the background and the sun shines forth—you have been standing in the darkness of your own shadow.

Stand out from under. Walk out of self into the broad light of day—out of the dead ashes of the past into a higher and holier living.

Get acquainted with your true self. Let go to touch the fullness of Infinite power

within. Let the troubles of the day pass into nothingness. Don't clutch them. Lay up courage, hope, faith for the morrow. Take up some constructive thought and through it develop your higher self.

Sometimes the real self is so disguised under an assumed cloak of indifference, self-consciousness, coldness, and even bad temper, that the world does not suspect there *is* another self—a loyal, brave, and cheery someone, who is really perishing for want of sunlight, of love and happiness.

Do not hide your real self under such a disguise.

Has unhappiness, selfishness, or any other disagreeable trait become a habit, so fixed that you have well-nigh forgotten that the other better, higher, and *real* self existed?

Let us laugh more, love more, and thus *live* more.

Develop your REAL self, by *forgetting* to be self-conscious. It is a Divine *for*-getting, because we really gain and relax to grow in letting our lives merge into the greater power.

The Valley Dwellers

In human life as in the mountain regions, there are some who prefer to live in the valleys of mere physical abundance, some on the hillside, and others on the mountain tops. The valley dwellers, from a worldly standpoint, often reap large crops. They live on the lower levels, eagerly grasping all within reach, and rankly wallowing in physical abundance. The atmosphere is often stifling, they miss the exhilaration of the refreshing breezes of the heights, yet the humidity, the stifling air, gives the physical, the worldly, a rank yield. They miss the beautiful sunsets, they miss the broader vision, and while the rank yield has a beauty all its own, it suggests greed and selfishness—rank growth bears no blossoms.

A man in the full flush of youth and power chanced to find a silver coin on the dusty

road. He was so delighted with his discovery that he always lived in the hope that he would find more, and journeyed with stooping form and downcast eyes that he might not miss them. When he was an old, weary, discouraged man, a philosopher met him and pointed out to him that for one petty little coin he had missed the beauty of the trees, the birds, the sun, the stars throughout life. He had sold his birthright "for a mess of pottage."

Those who climb the mountainside struggle with the efforts necessary to cultivate the soil, encounter many rocks, fell many trees, see the rain pass by them, and must often feel that the result is not worth the effort. They must be tempted to succumb to the force of gravity and to rush down into the valley, but strength comes through climbing.

Never having reached heights, it is hard to comprehend the glory of the summit—but they "touch God's hand in the darkness and are lifted up and strengthened."

Growth on the hillside is not so rank, not so luxuriant as in the valley, but it is of a finer quality. They have caught a glimpse of the heights above, their course is ever onward and upward, and they cannot retrace. "'Tis the set of the soul decides its goal, and not the wind or the wave." The source of light is above yon hilltops. The hands of those on the heights are constantly beckoning the climber upward, picturing the warmth, the sunlight, and the glory, while they reach down strong hands to help the struggling ones.

Those on the tablelands walk on level ground, their ways are ways of pleasantness and peace. They look down from the hill-crest on the valley of ignorance with loving, helpful sympathy for those who dwell there; they know the peace which passeth all understanding and are throbbing to give it out. They are in perfect poise, in perfect harmony. Listen! Accept their help!

Life's Undertone

When right thoughts, right motives are recognized, they become a part of consciousness, and the battle is won; this consciousness is the touchstone of your being, and all the creative forces in the universe of the great, good, and righteous men and women of all ages ally themselves with you. The sum of these forces constitutes the "choir invisible" which works with you for the achievement of every righteous purpose.

Life's
Undertone

Fail, with this "choir invisible" singing you to success? You can no more fail if you listen to the music, if you step in tune, than you can walk out of step with any music which fills your very being with its rhythm.

Were ears, minds, and souls so attuned that we could hear the exquisite harmony, the voices of those whose spirits have been freed, methinks we should be borne on the sound

waves so that our feet would scarce touch the ground. In each heart would be a song, a rhapsody.

This life, as Ohaspe terms it, is the "nesting ground of the soul," and the choir invisible will sometime lift us out of the nest.

This indomitable truth—the force for good buoying the soul which recognizes its presence—underlies all human action; it is the Divine undertone, which makes the deep, inexpressible melody of human consciousness. He who recognizes this force, who relies on it, ceases to worry over trifles and works with a more definite purpose. Sure of success, no time is wasted in uncertainty. From the hour of recognition, his life becomes a significant factor in real progress. Such a one expresses a quiet, happy, radiant knowledge of his privileges and power—in truth his very power means to him a glorious privilege. His surety gives him the magnetic presence, the full life. Within his atmosphere all things seem easy, because his buoyancy of spirit, his certainty of success, his magnetism, his up-

lifting power are communicated to all who come within his influence. His truth permeates all lives about him as water permeates porous matter.

Such consciousness, with judicious attention to hygienic laws, means vibrant health, because his nerves are attuned, and his body becomes a perfect instrument for the working of mind and soul.

That man is well poised, because his life is a pendulum, and the mainspring is the universal force, which can no more be wrong than the law which suspends the planets in space, or controls the movement of the spheres.

He is successful. Why? *It lies in the man.* He knows himself, he goes unswervingly onward. With his eyes fixed on the goal ahead, he does not see the pebbles and pitfalls along his career. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in *ourselves*, that we are underlings."

Why worry? Why not accept the freedom? The gates are open to the flood of sunshine.

Stay no longer in the dark air within the prison walls of worry. "*Lazarus, come forth!*"

Finite minds do not understand the laws of force which make for helpfulness, when a right thought becomes a part of consciousness; finite minds do not comprehend the law which relates the spiritual with the physical, because this law is not within the scope of man's reason. We simply reason from its effect.

Many there are who do not look above the physical, who close their minds to all which, with the finite eye, they cannot see, or, with the senses, feel. They sit in judgment on little things, considering the throne of their minds conclusive. Poor, blind humans! Neither can they see the creative force of life, nor the law which suspends the planets, nor the great force of electrical power, nor of the transmission of messages through the air. Were this force of the unseen not demonstrated in the creation of heat, in motive power, and in Marconi's method of communication, many would not believe the

power existed, because they could not see it. They do not see the great force of attraction between man and man or between the sexes, but they know it exists.

Just so surely as this unseen physical force exists in the atmosphere, is there a law of unseen spiritual force felt and demonstrated in the spiritual world.

"Verily, there are greater things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy," and the eye is not the only seeing agent, the ear is not the only receptacle for transmission of thought.

Man is strong or weak in degree as he realizes that there is a law of Truth underlying all life. If he pulls with the tide, he is strong, buoyant, successful, because he is fulfilling the law. All truly great natures put themselves in harmony with it.

Truth is the standard of life; justice its application. The spirit, the soul, or that intangible something which connects man with his Source, is the guiding power, is the sculptor. The mind is the chisel, the body

the clay, made soft and moldable that the soul may find least resistance in its expression.

Man was prone to call this flesh and blood *I*, and to say, "I have a soul."

He now says, "I *am* a soul and a part of the Divine, given this material form as a means of communication with material forces while dwelling on the earth."

The Idealist

Do not be afraid of being called
a soarer—better soar through ^{The Idealist}
clouds than walk through the mire—there is
less friction with earth's pebbles. Better
lift all life to the hill-crest than drag all
thought to the valley.

The man or woman who scoffs at ideals,
who tells you he does not believe in air castles
but prides himself in being "practical," is
lying and does not know it.

The real work of every human project is
accomplished first in the invisible, in the
thought realm.

We live in our thoughts. We work toward
the pictures in our minds.

Our ideals are our castles. Some are built
of bricks, some not even of sordid clay, but
just mud. Others are built of mists which
cannot be utilized as such; they must be
condensed by adverse winds.

But we all build castles and the thoughts which mold our characters form them brick by brick, story by story. The more clearly we visualize the more surely do we build.

Our real life is spent in the castles. Happy is the one whose castles have a firm foundation on the earth. One needs contact with the earth for warmth and sympathy, needs life in the silence, contact with the spiritual for uplift and inspiration. Our bodies are in the air, only our feet are on the ground; if we become sordidly bound to earth, we stumble.

Keep your eyes fixed upon the ever expanding horizon; lift head and heart; there is better, purer air above.

To idealize the real, the simple life, means merely to lift the everyday, common things out of the mire into the upper air, where they get the high lights, and where their right relation and true beauty are seen.

An occasional flight to the realm of the abstract makes one cognizant of the principles governing life. It broadens our vision,

awakens our sympathies, makes us to see incidents of life in their right relation each to the other, and enables us to view human life from a vision point above it. Then all selfishness is seen as small.

Note the expression carved on the faces of men and women who seldom look above the material side of life, who view each act in its relation to its material effect on their own lives and conditions, rather than on its relation to the lives of others. Compare such a face to the face of one who lives with his ideals, who sees the dignity and beauty of life as an entity, made up of little things, but combined into a beautiful whole.

This is aptly illustrated by the story of the artist who found a child in the streets of Paris whose singular loveliness and childlike expression of innocence enchanted him.

He painted the child's portrait to represent his ideal of purity.

For years he sought for a model who would vividly enough represent the contrasting picture of vice. Twenty years afterwards,

he found the type he desired in a young, old man of vicious, cruel expression. While painting him for this picture, he discovered to his amazement that the model was the self-same person he had painted as his ideal for innocence so many years ago.

It might take long, but we know that under the regenerative influence of beautiful, lofty, spiritual thoughts, the man could restore his expression of original purity and inspiration.

It lies within the power of each to create, to a large extent, his own atmosphere and privileges, to live on an ideal plane, to idealize the every day of life, to be a source of inspiration to those about him. One does not need a change of habitation to live the higher, simple life. It is not limited by locality, it depends on one's breadth and soul growth.

To be true to one's higher ideals, no matter within what lines his life may be cast, is to be true to one's self, and to God.

Better by far to fail—as the world reckons

it—true to one's ideals, making the most of one's privileges, than to achieve mere financial success and dwarf one's soul.

Yet financial success and the realization of higher ideals are by no means incompatible. Perseverance along the right lines, coupled with faith in one's work, and the right to do it, must inevitably bring success in any line. Success simply means that you sight your goal and work toward it.

Lofty ideals denote high standards, a high degree of spirituality. Nothing less than attainment will satisfy the soul, for the ideal is the soul's own, and sometime, somewhere must be realized. It must be reached by endeavor. We are in this world for soul development, and the ideal is the inspiration to soul growth.

In the effort to fix our ideals high, let us not underestimate the value of a simply good life. Just to be good—to keep life pure, free from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's

spirit always sweet, to avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability, is an ideal as noble as it is difficult to attain.

It is the soarer, who disdains to recognize material things as they exist, who lives only in the mystic, and thus loses sympathy for human, material frailties, whom one deplores. To become too etherealized lessens one's chances of growth intended for the soul's contact with life in the physical.

While on this plane one should not disdain the things of earth. The physical body—the soul's residence—is of the earth earthly, and it is beautiful. While the soul remains in the body for growth, its frailties, its beauties, and its possibilities must be recognized.

With nothing to adjust, with no human weakness, there would be slight advancement in soul growth. Obstacles have a spiritual significance—they are to test strength and gauge mentality; one grows spiritually strong through surmounting them. One cannot climb without a hill ahead. We grow strong through conquest.

All great and lasting achievements are the results of idealization, and the response of the idealist to his higher and clearer spiritual insight. Through this spiritual quality the inventor sees his ideal before he puts it into execution; the artist sees the picture he transfers to canvas; the sculptor sees his statue; the musician hears strains of celestial music, and his soul responds to these vibrations as the *Aeolian* harp to the winds of heaven.

The great contributions to the world's progress—to its educational, political, financial, scientific, artistic, and spiritual growth—are those of the idealist. It is he who takes risks, he who uses the little, certain things of life as stepping stones in his pursuit of the higher things. It is he who achieves much, and leaves, as his legacy to civilization, the result of those things which he first saw through the clearer, spiritual insight of idealization.

Through the aid of abounding hopefulness and faith, an idealist, such as Edison, uses common forces in a new way.

Through an unquenchable and illimitable faith in his visions, coupled with indomitable courage, the idealist is ever ready to penetrate the unknown, to risk much in his journeyings, though he know not whither they may lead him. He creates his own environment—his people, his world, his love, his heaven. He meets no opposition. He steadily builds. These children of his imagination never disappoint him. It is exceedingly doubtful whether realization can ever bring such harmony, such joy, because in realization he deals with other forces than his own. His vision is disturbed by those of others.

It is through the clearer, spiritual insight of idealization that poets love, and, loving, find their greatest source of inspiration. Take the lives of Poe and Hood: Poe idealized and dreamed of his Annabel Lee; found her, loved her, and lost her, still loving her and still idealizing her. This idealization was the source of his best and loftiest thoughts.

Hood likewise idealized and dreamed of fair Inez; longed for her, prayed for her. He

went through life without her, yet in his idealization of her he found his greatest source of inspiration. To have found her might have meant to have lost her. In his mental vision he experienced the ecstasy of creation, and fair Inez, his love, the creature of his inspiration, lived.

Creative Power

Magnetism, influence, and power are created within, and this very creative force makes environment, makes the surrounding atmosphere, and attracts outward influences as a magnet to further increase the power.

Let no man say I am not thus and so for lack of opportunity, "because of my environment." Let him listen with soul, not ear, and he will feel the creative force within grow, expand, uplift. When he feels this and recognizes its power no environment which man has made can prevent the bud bursting into blossom. He will rise as a positive, growing force, sufficiently strong, either to change his environment or find a new one. The germ of ambition is well-nigh unquenchable.

Success does not always mean success from a wordly standpoint. Men and women

in palaces are dying daily, from dwarfed lives, from heart starvation, who would gladly change places with the lowliest peasant whose heart is fed to fullness.

Success means consciousness of the power and kinship Christ felt when he said, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me."

If you have been in the whirl of life, busy over small things or great, in order to gain this conscious power you need to be alone, until, for a time, you can be unconscious of your surroundings.

He who would insure harmony within his immediate circle, would radiate joy, peace, and quiet dignity, that others may be uplifted, must go *often* into the silence, must live often with the ideal, must put self in harmony with the unseen forces of his nature. Then the surety of strength and power which such conscious union alone brings demands success as one's birthright.

To be alone, to take a few moments of rest each day in the quiet of your own nature,

means to *do* with a purpose, when you emerge from the quiet. The world will never know the silent power growing out of the forty days in the wilderness.

Realize that this power has naught to do with hurry. Be quiet; touch the naturalness of your being and fully comprehend the meaning of I AM—after realizing your power of the creative force, the “I WILL” demands expression.

Every man and every woman, growing, expanding to their best, must feel this kinship of power; must feel the strong depth and fullness of the expansive life, which results from the knowledge of one's power with God to create, to draw unto self dynamic force, to create one's atmosphere and by this atmosphere to wield influence and set in motion other forces.

Spiritual power means creative work. Each is invested with varying degrees of this, and with power to use it for good or evil. This freedom of choice is a test of spiritual strength and morality. It is the freedom of

choice which makes one individual different from another.

To gain magnetic, creative power every physical function must vibrate strong life in perfect soundness of every organ. The blood must be kept pure and strong by a free, forceful circulation, that it may fully nourish and rebuild tissues. Nerves, heart, and lungs must be strong so that the physical power is continuously re-created from within, drawing as a magnet all relative forces to strengthen its own.

Unless one feel this positive force within, he will be sapped by stronger forces without.

Intelligence and will power must keep appetite and passion subservient. Thought as well as action must be controlled.

Become

Become Become the power you wish to
 be.

If I say *you can be what you will to be*,
you shake your head doubtfully—BUT—the
chances are ninety-nine to one that **YOU**
CAN.

Simply sitting idly by and wishing won't
do, for God helps those who help them-
selves. "All things may come to those who
wait," but you must *work* while you wait.
You must embrace every means at your com-
mand and reach out to some which you do
not realize are at your command at present.

If you will fix your ideal of health and
power in your mind, sight the position you
would attain in society, in the home, in the
world's work, reach toward it, leave no right
method unturned to gain it, and the chances
are ninety-nine to one you will win.

It is *will* and the power of reason and of

choice which makes man the master of his fate.

Every quality of genius is yours to draw on. The supply house of music, art, and all constructive, creative forces are open to you; *you have sufficient of each within you to attract as much of the great supply as you wish.*

This unseen supply of creative force working through you is what relates you to your Creator; you are allied eternally with the Divine mind because you are a part of Divinity. What you relate yourself to in consciousness, that will you manifest.

Relate yourself to your Source; *know* that “I and my Father are one”—and “Greater things than these shall ye do.” Realize your power.

This power is for all. It is not allotted, or a limited amount fenced in or circumscribed, as are this world’s goods.

Stop and think—the Divine storehouse of peace, power, and plenty is yours. Think of it! Let the richness, the fullness, the surety, and the peace permeate you. It is all

yours. *You can draw unto yourself just as much as you want.*

Whatever man can adequately conceive of, that can he achieve.

You have forces within yourself of which you little dream, because they are visible to you *just one step at a time*. Each step you take forward will clear for you another step. Your vision broadens as you climb.

Within thyself some dormant seedling lies,
Just waiting for the tillage of thy will
To aid its growth, from which some day may
rise
A harvest worthy of the reaper's skill.

Within thyself some thought, broad as the skies,
Doth strive to find expression through the tongue,
Or through the hand, with which so often dies
More talent than was ever seen or sung.

Within thyself there lies some latent power,
As potent as has ever come to light,
Which but awaits the coming of the hour
When thou shalt set it free before men's sight.

Within thyself, however low thy state,
Is strength to rise above its cringing grind,
From lowness have sprung the truly great;
All barriers fall before a forceful mind.

MARY QUINLAN LAUGHLIN.

Remember—the chances are *ninety-nine to one* that you can attain your ideal, not alone in physical and mental attractiveness, but, in the large majority of cases, in worldly power. Belief in self, coupled with a fixed ideal and every effort bent toward its accomplishment, makes man master of self and forces about him.

One can change not only physical outlines, but if taken in time, he can change health conditions, and the entire outlook on life can be altered. The outlook broadens with each step upward. Every conquest means developed capacity to control and to do.

I have seen women despondent and forlorn because of ill health, weak or overstrained nerves, with accompanying unhealthy thoughts, become *so well* that their faces fairly shone. The normal workings of their

vital organs were restored so that they regained health, and the broader, happier outlook on life made them mean more to themselves, to their families, and their friends.

Others have so regulated the sizes and contours of their bodies that their friends did not recognize them. Desire, choice, and will were the weapons.

Does anyone you see express your ideal? Then be an inspiration and a friend to that one by the very companionship of thoughts.

Interest yourself in the vital things of life—broaden your outlook beyond the confines of four walls. Those near and dear have extended their influence to encompass the world's work. Embrace the human race. In your heart of hearts reach out in love to all humanity.

Love in its broad sense means not only love of the individual but love of all created things —of birds, of trees, of flowers—in fact it clothes all life with beauty.

As you keep your ideal ever before you

and reach out, you grow to be the vital, wholesome, magnetic, well-poised, attractive personality of your vision.

But withal keep your poise—live within the physical, mental, and moral laws that you may have sufficient reserve for happiness and pleasure when the day's work is done.

Keep your brain clear and rested so that you feel like DOING things and so that little things do not annoy or seem like big ones.

You must be physically FREE so that your brain may serve your thought and your body serve your brain.

Make your body your servant, not your master.

When you form the habit of following the right laws of health and beauty, your body will do its work and you will be left free to develop mind and soul, untrammeled by thought of it. Life will look like a bright and beautiful thing, which will go on *expanding* and *expanding* in beauty and use each day. Your atmosphere will ex-press *wholesome magnetism* and self-poise so that everyone you

meet is better, stronger, and stimulated for life's duties because of this contact with you.

In fact, you will measure up to your ideal.

Raise your standard of health.

Perfect health and nothing less is your right.

You say, "Perfection is too much to expect."

I say, No. Perfection of health, perfection of intelligence, perfection of mind, perfection of contour, are the natural conditions.

Learn the laws of health and then form the habit of obeying them just as you obey the law of the land. If you learn these, harmony of mind and body will result just as harmony with the civic law.

Are you taking your place among the eager, earnest, large-hearted, big-brained people who *know?* Who have measured their abilities and possibilities of heart and soul, and are using their best efforts to so increase their strength both of body and mind that they may be better fitted for the work to be done.

For a professional life, we need perfect balance, mind and body aiding rather than hampering intelligence.

For a business life we need keenness of perception, mental balance, physical poise, attractive appearance, and every energy free for direction.

Strength lies in the *balance of all forces*, mental, moral, and physical, and however strong your other forces may be, *unless you are strong physically* you cannot be the power you should be in your home or elsewhere.

Form the *health habit*. Once established it is as hard to break as any other habit.

Don't wait until you get sick. A "stitch in time saves nine" is so true of the physical. No part is stronger than its weakest link, therefore take each physical derangement before it gets a fair start.

Remember that your health rests largely in your hands. To retain and to regain it means regular exercise, correct breathing, and correct poise.

Each morning should find us full of vigor,

of refreshment, a sense of readiness for the day's duties, a strength to meet all difficulties. Each setting sun should find a reserve of vitality for friends and family, a consciousness of a surplus in the bank of bodily vigor.

The power is within you to express perfect health, perfect uprightness, perfect soul force, creative power, rich, abundant life, and perfect peace.

The knowledge that you are a part of the Divine Creative storehouse gives you courage to start because of surety of an unending supply.

We are here to *ex-press* (press out) the essence of life within. How much of your *real* self have you brought to the surface? Your forces must be active—first an outflow, then an inflow—for growth, for *ex-press-ion* of yourself.

You say, "Mrs. S—— is related to a great scientist or writer"—and you immediately surround her with a halo of what the great one has accomplished—her position in society is established. But what has *she* expressed?

What has her rounded life shown to the world of the creative force within her? If your thought of her allows her to shine by reflected light her own growth is dwarfed.

All life, all growth, is *ex-press-ion*. When we cease to grow, to re-create the cells within our bodies, stagnation and death have begun.

The trouble is that we have ourselves sized up by shackles of the past thoughts. We are circumscribed also by others' thoughts of us.

"She was sick as a child—she has caught every disease within miles." There is tyranny in holding such thoughts before the mind of a growing child. She relaxes to it instead of expanding out of each difficulty. Shackles are put on her mind and body.

Have others surrounded you with such thoughts? You are re-building cells and tissues every day. You are *re-creating* yourself. There is a difference between what you *have* done and what you *can* do. Create new, sound tissue. Conceive yourself as sound, whole, FREE, and walk out and away from thoughts that bound you as a child. You

are now your own Creator, and your food, through thought and nerve direction, is building the pattern of self, physical, mental, and moral, which you are holding in mind.

Realize again that what you can conceive, can conceive anew each day, you *can become*.

Health

It is *life* you want—abundant, Health
rich, free life. Breathe it in!

You say you inherit “this and that.” Your “inheritance” is largely your reiterated thought, rebuilding atoms and molecules after the same pattern as in your ancestor. If this pattern is Nature’s perfect one, let your thought continue to build it. If it is imperfect, destroy your pattern—uproot the thought—exercise the physical until the tissues are plastic and free and then build more natural patterns.

Do not forget that you inherit the *greatest* and the *best* tendencies of life and that these great and wondrous traits far outnumber the bad. Do not forget that above all you inherit the tendency to *grow*, to *expand*, to be *perfect*.

Expect wholesome, vibrant health and your expectant mental attitude, together

with the physical laws you are obeying in exercising the vital organs and nerve centers daily, eating and resting properly, bring the chemical activities of your digestion, assimilation, and elimination into harmony.

Do not forget you are building body cells every instant of life and every time you think inheritance of this or that state of an organ or tissue, your nerves directed by your thought are reproducing the model you have in mind.

The chances are that under right suggestions you can make every cell and tissue of your physical being vital to do just the work Nature intended.

You inherit from your Creator life, beauty, power, and an inherited feast, an inexhaustible feast, is spread before you every instant of your life. This inheritance is far more potent than the inheritance of an imperfect body.

Every man and every woman in this age feels the necessity of being *physically fit*. So much is required of us to-day that we cannot

afford to be hampered by inefficiency. In fact, we are learning to regard inefficiency as a disgrace, efficiency as one of the greatest of virtues.

To be a wife or a husband means to be companion, inspiration, friend, capable of putting shoulder to the wheel and accomplishing, through united effort, what we could not accomplish alone. To do this we must always have equal strength, we must sometimes have strength sufficient for two.

To be father or mother means to be an inspiration, a guide, a counselor, a friend, a companion, and a fund of love and tenderness. For this a perfect physical organism is necessary because thought and inspiration must be free for guidance of those entrusted to their care. Discretion, balance, are needed for judicious use of power. One cannot afford to be hampered by physical ailments.

To be a friend means to be a comrade. It means to understand; to know with soul. It means the finer understanding of the beauty of service.

For a business life one needs keenness of perception, mental balance, physical poise, attractive appearance and every energy free for direction.

No matter in what work of life, we need health.

To wield her greatest influence, woman must cling to that one strong weapon, attractiveness. She must keep her figure expressing the art within herself. She must bring the beauties of outline of coloring and movement into her home. In fact, she must be the most artistic expression in the home.

You say that you are asking for perfection in every phase and this is too much to expect. I say, No. Perfection of health, perfection of intelligence, perfection of mind, perfection of figure, are the *natural* conditions. If we have grown out of them let us find out why.

The problem is to form the right habits of life.

Perfect health demands healthy mental as well as physical habits and the right habits are as easy to form as the wrong ones.

Let us form habits which assist Nature rather than retard her, and the important habits for Nature's growth are a normal amount of daily exercise for every organ and tissue of the body, alternated by complete rest, perfect breathing habits that the blood may be fully purified, and a normal amount of nourishing food, including water. This means bodily cleanliness within and without.

Free yourself from the armor of steel—the shield of unhealthy thoughts of "I can't." Such thoughts, such armor is in disjointed sections which rattle and grate upon each other every time you move.

Shake yourself—hear the pieces shatter to the ground and then step forth a *free* man or woman. You are not to-day what you were yesterday. You have no obligation to anyone to be the same.

To-day, *each* day you stand forth a free being, answerable only to yourself, realize that you are a part, a spark, a portion of the rounded creative whole which we call Creator, God, Mind. Call it what you will.

Christ Jesus of Nazareth, our example, said, "I and my Father are one," and then he turned to his disciples and said, "And greater things shall ye do."

Heal thyself—keep the spiritual, the mental, and the physical life in harmony. Harmony is healing—is peace.

Realize that there is something within you that is *never* sick.

The mind may not be able to function through the brain because, being physical, the brain is dependent on blood and nerve condition; it may be undernourished or surfeited with too much food. It may be poisoned by poisons in the blood. Parts of it may be weary because of lack of variety of thought, as the body may suffer from monotony of diet. Then the thoughts, unable to function through it properly, may be hampered and we say we are "sick at heart"—disappointed in getting through the right thoughts.

If you would be well, you must keep the brain and the nerve cells, the physical avenues of thought, free and strong.

Obey the physical laws of exercise, rest, diet, and seek the cleansing force of oxygen, then your brain becomes nourished, it admits variety of thoughts to function and all life is full and rich and abundant.

The one thing above all others I would impress is that the creative power is unlimited. The only restriction put on the supply is placed by man himself. Man may close the windows and shut out the light, he may shut out the air and become stifled. Physical force closes the door and window to physical force, but mental force closes the door and window to the growth, the inflow of light and air to the soul. Our thoughts erect barriers to growth, health, and happiness.

Give up. Relax. Let in the light. To the winds with past bondage.

"It is not I but the power that worketh in me to will and to do His good pleasure." You cannot stop the law of force—you can only limit *your* supply by closing the windows and restricting your vision.

Healing

Healing The best physician is the one who gets his patient in condition to heal himself. All healing really comes from within. Nature, the law of the Creative force working infallibly through man, is a synonym for God, and God, or Nature, heals. Physical agencies merely assist.

Man's disobedience of the law and his consequent suffering is no reflection on the law itself.

Health of body is based on harmony with the laws of the physical; health of mind is harmony with the law of mental, creative force; health of soul, or spirit, is harmony with the laws of the spirit force, and the three laws are interrelated.

Can we not then have perfect health if we know the laws governing body, mind, and spirit, and keep them in harmony? Me-thinks we not only could have health, but

with perfect physical supply, and perfect elimination of inactive material, this automatic machine, the body, will work on perpetually. The urge of Nature, the Creative force, renews itself, and who shall say that, with perfect supply and elimination, perpetual life is not possible?

Again I say: learn and obey the physical laws of hygiene and the mental laws of health, which are thoughts of love, faith, happiness, truth, and the spirit force, the inspiration, the urge of Nature, will care for life's constant renewal. Remember that Nature, unless interrupted by a violation of her laws, will renew perfection of cell and molecule. Nature is never sick—the power, the strongest force within, is never sick. The power of health is stronger than disease. Health is positive—disease is negative.

But you say, "Everything dies." I say, "No, nothing dies. Material becomes inactive because no force is operative within, but matter is not destroyed; it simply changes

form when the 'Eternal Push,' because of some violation of law, leaves it."

Man is as engrossed in mastering the things of the physical as a child in mastering a new toy. Could we not profitably spend time in the study of the relations of life, physical, mental, and spiritual?

If you would enjoy the fullness, the richness, the joys of life to a ripe age, give to the subconscious mind creative, renewing thoughts. Negation is inaction—inaction is death. Affirmation is the law of building. It is the constructive thought.

Have your thoughts been negatively inert? Arouse them if you would arouse a sluggish physical organism.

Have you been too intense? Relax and let Nature have her perfect way.

Have thoughts been discordant? Then your body forces have been at war with each other. Thoughts of love, of kindness will harmonize them.

Remember the conscious mind directs your conscious activities and registers your

thoughts on the subconscious, which is a storehouse of past thoughts. Prevent thoughts of old conditions, if unhealthy, from registering themselves on your subconscious mind, if you would not reproduce their pattern in the physical; for life renews, creates every instant according to the pattern held in mind, just as the builder constructs to the architect's plan.

The subconscious regulates the chemical activities of digestion, elimination, assimilation, the circulation, and all of those so-called automatic activities of the body which go on without our conscious thought.

Many regain health by simply asserting their wills. They become tired of being constantly sick and assert their power of mind, the will force, to control the tone of the new cells being built by controlling their thoughts and their activities. Then the new body being made daily is made from the new pattern in mind.

The consciousness of the power of *your* Nature (the Divine power in you) to heal you is the surest medicine.

If you are sick in body you are sick in mind—if sick in mind you are sick in body. Decide which force within shall dominate.

Could we but realize that we really are a part of the Divine creative whole, barring accidents, or barring the dominance of other wills stronger than our own, we would be well, would be perfect in health, power, and beauty.

What matters man-made creeds—what matters this cult or that, so long as man realizes that the life within is the inflow or the *throughflow* of Creative life!

Could we realize this perfection of the power within, which is creating, renewing every instant of time, with what assurance, with what surety, what power would we speak! We would use this power as one having authority. Life would know no crippled, lame, nor blind. What ease, what comfort, what harmony, what freedom for growth in the thought!

“Take hold of LIFE and it shall be your joy and *crown* eternally.” This knowledge gives

you inspiration. Inspiration keeps the forces keyed in tune.

Religion stirs the emotions; and, if accompanied with constructive thoughts of health, cures are often wrought which had been deemed impossible, as the new impressions are deeply made on the subconscious mind. Old impressions, old patterns for the automatic working of the body, are destroyed under the stirring of emotions and new patterns of life and health are substituted.

Faith also stirs the emotions and emotion sensitizes the subconscious, so that thoughts of faith and trust more clearly and more forcefully impress themselves on the subconscious mind. Thus thoughts of health have a more potent effect when accompanied by faith in the one who suggests them. Cultivate the faith to be well. Cultivate thoughts of love and harmony. Think constructively.

Remember that your subconscious mind believes what you think—it registers more correctly than any camera.

Each day let us be able to say, "I am better to-day."

Do you say, "I am not sick"?—No need to be sick to be *better*. You have to-day all that a radiant, abundant life may mean to you, plus the experience and the richness of your life yesterday. Surely each new day should find you better. Your thought to-day is in advance of yesterday.

The body you are building every instant is a new body, not an old one. Build it after your new ideal.

Attention

Life consists of the things to which we give attention. What a beautiful, rich experience we can make by using that most wonderful of all attributes of mind, the power of choice!

Since we choose the things to which we give attention, are not our lives of our own making? What a privilege! What beauty, what power, what peace, what joy, what richness may we weave into our pattern, what an inspiration to watch the beauty of our design and round it into a perfect whole! We may choose the best and give attention to the ugly patterns, to the negative conditions, only to quicken them to life and beauty.

This power of the choice of thought defines the individual, differentiates one from another, decides one's character.

The majority of the human race drifts, reflecting the condition with which others

surround them. Someone has said only one in twenty thousand really directs his thoughts.

Is it possibly this mental drifting that makes us subject to life's inertia diseases—discontent, illness, poverty, and crime? We drift downward; we construct upward.

Someone says, "We cannot continuously strive; life thus becomes exhausting." But some to be healed need relaxation, not strife. We struggle too much.

We need to *know* that we have *all* power within. No one gives power to us. They simply coax it out—teach us self-expression. Consciousness of power gives peace and poise.

But how Nature simplifies! The selection of thought even becomes a habit and the fullness of life comes from the selection of its beauties. Tensity of action, tensity of brain force often defeats our purpose. We need to relax and cultivate more the habit of Divine letting.

Let there be health; let there be joy; let the happiness come forth.

Health is sometimes a forgetting, a clearing the mind for new aspects. Death is sometimes necessary for this mental clearness that one may start anew, may be free from the bondage of old traditions.

After the great plague of London, the city was swept by one of the greatest fires of history. It seemed like a terrible, destroying force but it proved the greatest of blessings, burning out the plague spots to make room for new clean, sanitary buildings.

Life is supremely friendly; health is friendly. The atmosphere of Nature is a loving one. If it seems not so, somewhere are we interfering. Pain is a friendly warning of this interference with Nature's law. It is a call to remove the cause, as a child might call to you to remove something which had fallen on it. You would not simply pour on a liniment to heal the bruise; you would first remove its cause. Let us cultivate the attitude of vital agreement.

Vibrate higher if you would attract higher

sensations. Be true to life in its highest conception. By this I do not mean to live unconscious of the physical. The body and materials which maintain it are just as wonderful, just as beautiful, as the mind which they mirror—they are an expression of that mind.

Our thoughts are contagious. Quarantine negation, inertia, despondency, and discouragement. Spread the germs of truth and beauty and love and joy.

Effort to lift others to the positive plane of thought by the suggestion of helpful thought, acts, or example, is the lasting fabric of which you build.

A man who had struggled to lift himself to the heights that filled his desire, dreamed one night that he was trying strenuously to reach up for an unseen hand to help him but in vain. He heard a cry from below and reached down to help. He had to lift up his other hand to balance himself, and in so doing grasped the helping hand he so long had sought.

Interest in the vital, positive, creative things of life is its color spots.

Joy gives the high lights.

Love mellows and blends the colors.

Mental Atmosphere

Mental Atmosphere Does the day seem gray and the perspective limited? Does it rain? Is life commonplace to-day?

A life of continuous sunshine is monotonous, overstimulating. Nature gives us continuous change; let us enjoy the variety—her joys, her moods.

Rainy days are for relaxation and rest. If we do not relax to enjoy them the fault is not in the day but in our mental mists. We can see it in its beauty and accept its blessing. It all depends on our thought of it.

All days are good. We have lived too long slaves to fear of changes in atmospheric conditions—afraid of rain, of snow, of a draught, of cold, of heat. Rain is the preparation for to-morrow's growth.

Relax to the beauty of the quiet.

L. H. Bailey makes us to see "The Rainy Day" in its happy atmosphere:

The soft, gray rain comes slowly down,
Settling the mists on marshes brown,
Closing the world on wood and hill,
Drifting the fog down vale and rill;
The weed-stalks bend with pearly drops,
The grasses hang their misty tops,
The clean leaves drip with shiny spheres
And fence-rails run with pleasant tears.

Away with care! I walk to-day
In meadows wet and forests gray;—
'Neath heavy trees with branches low,
'Cross splashy fields where wild things grow,
Past shining reeds in knee-deep tarns,
By soaking crops and black-wet barns,
On mossy stones in dripping nooks,
Up raining pools and brimming brooks
With waterfalls and cascadiills
Fed by the new-born grassy rills;—
And then circle home across the lots
Thru all the soft and watery spots.

Away with care! I walk to-day
In meadows wet and forests gray.^x

Happiness or gloom depend on your point
of view.

The conscious bracing of one's physical

^x From *Wind and Weather*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

forces to resist changes in moisture, in temperature, exercises and awakens both body and mind. One can either joyously brace oneself knowing that the exercise of faculties develops them or cringe within self in a mental attitude of abuse, leaving body and mind a prey to the elements.

Do not be guilty of forming the habit of meeting changes or adjustments with displeasure. Keep heart and mind open, in poise, and reserve judgment and decision for the slower action of reason.

Let us learn to convert every natural force of life to our upbuilding—let us see its use and cheerfully appropriate it to our growth and happiness.

Are little ones under your care forming the habit of meeting thoughts, not in accord with their plans, with a frown? Such habit will close the door to many an hour of pleasure and profit in future years.

Teach them that to meet a thought means to *approach* it—not to immediately put up a barrier. Cultivate receptivity and friendli-

ness. Know that all life is friendly and beckons us to enjoy its moods and fancies.

Truly the mental atmosphere of those near and dear affects our lives more than physical things, and in this effect "thoughts are things" more potent than material.

One may strike us with a physical blow and the physical recuperation is easier to recover from than the mental affront.

One's mental attitude can create joy for dullness, stimulation for grayness, optimism for depression—and your thoughts which make your atmosphere are yours to command.

Cultivate the atmosphere of agreement. When you seriously disagree, express your opinion only after deliberation. From the atmosphere of harmony one emerges with organized forces potent in directness and power.

The gray days, the every-days of life are the rest periods in which Nature lays up reserve for deeper, fuller fruition.

Let Love and Trust and Faith and Har-

mony permeate their quiet; these are fertile soil for germination of new ideals.

We should never lose sight of the fact that we can call up the thoughts which make for harmony and love at will; we can choose our thoughts, can make our lives.

One's atmosphere, one's environment is colored from the light within. No gloom so dense that a loving, kindly, cheerful presence will not light the fires and bring color and life.

Because someone has said or done something to displease is no reason why you should put your system in an abnormal condition. Frowning uses your physical mechanism in an abnormal way. What have *you* done to please?

Constructively build and by your own sunshine and love give comfort, and displeasure melts into harmony. Shoulder more than your share of responsibility for discord. Be big and broad and noble and true, and remember that Love mellows all.

Attraction

The difference in man's power is
the difference in the force he has **Attraction**
claimed for himself.

Like attracts like, metal attracts metal,
water attracts water, love attracts love.

You naturally attract to you those who
think along similar lines. Power attracts
power.

Do not hesitate to associate with great
minds whose thoughts are similar to yours.
You hold yourself aloof, thinking they are
higher in the social scale. Your very simi-
larity of thought makes you their kin.

Did it ever occur to you that the man on
the pinnacle of power or of social eminence
may be lonely just because others have the
fear of intrusion? There are few on the
pinnacle—reach up—the dwellers there need
companionship.

One who has climbed by his own efforts

has opened heart and mind to broader visions and he knows the steps—he recognizes the kinship of vision. Give him your hand, let him feel the human touch.

Consciousness of Power

Consciousness of power does not mean egotism. It means egoism, Consciousness of rejoicing that you are a part of the Power abundant supply of limitless riches.

Egotism means a rejoicing in the "I am better than thou" feeling. Egotism is shutting of the gate to progress; egoism is opening the gate to growth.

Consciousness of the power that lies in you is knowledge that you are just *one* pattern in the fabric of life and that you are the instrument for the demonstration of spiritual and mental force.

Knowing that it is the Divine force in you that really accomplishes, gives you the power to speak as one having authority. You have the *one* authority.

Your very affirmation of power draws that power to you as like attracts like.

Doubt sets up uncertain vibrations, fear

restricts vibrations, love, optimism, courage are *ex*-pressed in rhythm—*ex*-pression is limitless. These are the vibrant notes of health, these are the vibrant notes of happiness, and they are tuned to the same key—Health, Happiness, Love, and Courage.

They are yours just as you open heart and mind and soul to their *outflow*. You must get the outflow before you can make room for more.

Did I say you are a spark of Divinity?—No. Not a *spark*. You are *all* Divinity—body, mind, soul. You believe this? Then this knowledge gives you power.

Why hesitate to undertake an enterprise if you keep the power constantly pressing out toward your goal, expressing the image in your mind? The only thing that keeps you from realization will be your failure to *conceive* your mental image. But even the fragments piece themselves together as you attract them by your purpose.

Do not hesitate to step forth. Become a

power for happiness—open the window to other minds.

We all journey to the same light but we go by different paths. Perhaps you can light the path. Love is your torch.



Nerve Control

Know that your nerves control your body. The brain cells direct your nerves and your thoughts direct your brain cells.

Your thoughts are *mind in motion*. Therefore that intangible something, mind in motion—thoughts—sets your body forces to work. They stimulate or retard digestion, assimilation, and elimination. They stimulate the chemical activities of the body or retard them. They incite chemical actions which liberate poisons or they direct normal action.

A horse cannot do as it wills if the cart, which ordinarily runs so smoothly as seemingly to be a part of him, is out of order; one part will not move in harmony with another part. The purpose of the animal is thwarted —his efforts must be redirected.

If one's digestive system is out of order or

for any reason the body is not properly nourished, the entire body, including brain cells and nerve fibers, is undernourished, and the thoughts are hampered.

Body, mind, and brain are so interwoven that the perfect health of the one depends on the normal tone of the others. Our mind is influenced by the body infirmity. We may seemingly ignore body or soul, but the law of *Nature* ignores neither.

Morose, unhappy, *dis-agreeable* thoughts incite one character of chemical activity and build or retard the body which every instant of life is tearing down and rebuilding tissue.

FEAR so paralyzes the nerves that the blood cannot flow through the capillaries and the cheeks grow pale. The skin lining every cavity of the body becomes just as pale—just as undernourished. The tissues are held so tightly that the lining of the digestive tract cannot secrete its juices and the food does not properly digest.

Worry is fear—fear of some consequence to

self or to those we love. It is paralyzing; it impoverishes body, mind, and soul.

The shape of the tissues of the body changes with the thought; one character of thought builds a physical organism of a certain nature. We know this. For instance, as a result of worry and disagreeable thoughts a blood test shows an acid condition. If unhappy thoughts are long continued, this acidity expresses itself on the surface of the body in pimples or a sallow skin.

Every bad thought or every wrong repeated which sets up thoughts of jealousy, abuse, etc., is as a dose of poison, for evil thoughts instigate chemical activities which form poisons within the body of the one who thinks them.

Then unload your poisonous thoughts on another, discuss disagreeable topics, repeat slander, abuse, or any evil thought to another, only if you would set up malign chemical activities which poison your system. If the other thinks of them, her body becomes poisoned also.

Never repeat evil. The habit breeds contagion. Rid yourself of the habit by the realization that as a man, a woman, you are a constructive, creative power for good. If you must get rid of disagreeable thoughts, under cover of the night tell them to your Creator alone. The love which passeth all understanding will be yours for the asking and such love leaves no room for discord. This love will permeate your heart and mind with the peace of twilight. Alone with your Creator—your Source—your Father—you will sense the brooding power of peace which the angels proclaimed, as, hovering over the earth, they spread their brooding wings over all and pronounced the sacred benediction, “Peace on earth, good will to men.” It is for *you* personally.

Have you been worried? The past is past. Let it slip from you as a cloak from your shoulders and then *Stand Forth*. The present only is yours—the future is what you make it.

Rise out of the dead ashes of past thoughts

into a higher, holier living. Shake yourself free of the gray dust of discouragement and despondency; grow *out* and shine forth a being of cheer and hopefulness.

Ah! could we but cast off the thought that others can harm us unless we let them do so by making their thoughts ours. "Others" are a part of the same great creative force as ourselves. *Therein lies the brotherhood of man.*

It matters not whether placed under this sun or yond, this clime or that, all are a part of the same creative force.

Let the radiance from your face call forth the radiance from every friend you meet. Let the cheerful nerve force shake off the clinging waste and poison and build clean, pure, wholesome flesh instigated by cheerful thoughts. Strong nerve force keeps the body free from poisons and the strong fibers of flesh shake off their impurities.

The motion of laughter is better than the motion of an electric vibrator.

Do you say, "How can I laugh when I feel

so mean?" Practice it; the very effort will help you to shake yourself free. Better that laughter be instigated by your thought, but the very physical act of smiling frees the nerve extremities and the muscles.

Oh, that we might sing about our work, sing about our play, give vent to emotions in song!

A smile at one end of the nerves instigates a smile at the other end. The vibration of laughter about the diaphragm and heart releases mental tension. The physical movement has its reflex vibration on brain and spine centers, and you soon *feel* like laughing. Cultivate the sensation. If it is difficult, it is time to begin to form the habit. We should laugh and sing more. Don't let the victrola do all of your singing.

It is said that the German soldiers sang during the march, sang in the hospitals, sang on the operating table, and the generals said, "Our men cannot fail so long as they sing." They kept the bands playing songs that the men might respond in song.

Do not stop to think whether or not you feel like singing. No soldier, if he stopped to sound every depth of emotion and think of loved ones at home, and the chances of never seeing home again, would sing.

Every man, every woman, large natured enough to smile and to laugh, adds joy to the world and finds a surpassing growth within self. I do not mean that you should smile while calling yourself a martyr—I mean the smile instigated by direction of your thoughts to cheerful themes.

Smile because it is your privilege, your joy. Smile because you have hoarded up a storehouse of joy. Look for it and store up a little more each day. Vibrate joyous sensations within.

Let happy thoughts adjust your nerve force the last thing before sleep.

So take joy home with you
And let her live and grow in that great heart of
yours.
Then will she come
And oft will sing to you

When thou art walking
In the shadows,
Aye or weeding in the sacred hours of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad,
Joy is the grace we say to God.

JEAN INGELOW.

Lift head and chest and eyes and see the angels brooding with white spread wings, hovering, ever ready to reward you, to enfold you in a mantle of peace. It is for you. There is a garment for each of us and it is lined with love and interlined with good will.

Let go the thought that life is pushing you—that duties crowd so thick and fast that you are not mistress of your time. You ARE mistress. You are enslaved only to habit.

Analyze your life and your duties. Constructively plan your time. Let go the things of slight account to make place for bigger, broader things which are building your character.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." The atmos-

phere of a heart full of good will, of peace, puts the nerves into a positive state for the free flow of health and vitality. It is as if the forces of mind and body were opened for the fullness of Power and Plenty to permeate and to control. It is this positive, active exhilaration, this growth, which reacts on the mind and body and makes life worth while.

The positive mental poise is the health saver. It takes strong will-power and a fixed habit of looking on the bright side, of looking for good, to build up a badly impaired physical condition, but it is done every day—each day many a crown is won. Many a man becomes master of self and ruler indeed.

Growth through Giving

In positive gladness let us meet life and scatter its bounties abundantly. They are free.

Growth
through
Giving

What is education, what is knowledge, what is spiritual development, what is gladness, what is joy, but so much capital to spend—but an exhaustless storehouse from which to draw? *Give out*—our hands were made to open as well as to close. “It is more blessed to give than to receive,” for in the giving we are growing.

Remember the parable of the ten talents, that in proportion as you give shall your store be multiplied a hundredfold. The giving does not refer to money. Give of self—“ye have greater gifts than gold.”

One never expands the real inner self—never gains soul growth, never feels oneself really worth while unless one gives *of the self*. The gift of money or goods means little,

unless accompanied with the heart; then giving helps the giver more than the receiver.

"He that would save his life must lose it." In the very giving—in the willingness to surrender self—one finds his life—a new birth.

Thought awakened is life renewed. With our souls and minds dead, closed to new impressions, how can we grow—expand? And, be it remembered, without growth no life *can* exist.

Man is a temple of the Most High through which the Divine power and life is expressed. He would radiate His light, His peace, His joy through *you*. Don't shut in the light. Open the door.

As individuals and as a nation we must progress, work, live, love—love, live, work.

It has been truly said that "however defective in other respects human nature may be, all human endeavor must finally be measured by the principle of altruism, and must stand or fall by the measure in which it inspires and uplifts humanity." Thought

must be ever ready to receive the message of love for all human life, for the happy useful life comprehends humanity.

So open the windows of your soul to every pure, good, and uplifting thought that comes to you. You will gain in knowledge, in health, and in happiness.

Call to mind the great men and women who have seemed to the world *worth while*. Their lives have been given to service for others. No life is worth while if the daily service is for self alone—is self-centered.

We help, not by weak pity and sympathy, but by comprehension and knowledge of another's needs. We uplift by courage—mental, moral, and physical. Pity weakens, comprehending love and kindness uplift and strengthen.

Do you find a friend in need?—*Point the way*. Help by lifting the spirit—give her confidence in herself—give her a purpose in life—comfort by spreading over her a mantle of love. Teach her that happiness, true and comprehending, can come to her in its full-

ness only through making the world better by her presence.

The woman who spends her life merely in shopping and wearing the things she buys, flitting between shop, dressmaker, luncheon, reception, or dinner, fritters life away around the narrow center of self. She finds that center shrivel and shrivel, daily narrowing to disappointment. She grows tired of self, and of friends, because she does not grow from within. Life seems tawdry, she grows critical and pessimistic.

The day comes when she realizes that the world has progressed without her, that others are occupying the places of real use. Such women ease their consciences by saying they are *keeping* a home for their husbands; they mean *keeping* the house and the furniture—the husband's *home* is his life, his love. When each day's effort is summed up, what have many women done but cater to self?

The husband, with kindness and courtesy, insists that he is contented, but how much more satisfied and buoyed is he when conscious

that his helpmate is really doing something which counts for life; he needs inspiration, needs to feel about him the atmosphere of growth, of *living*, the atmosphere of a broadening life.

The high realms of wifehood and motherhood are calling loudly for women with newer ideals, ideals which lead the march of progress; we need women trained for their high duties in perfecting the race. Man is inspired by her march of progress.

To be a housekeeper is not enough. To be a *homekeeper* one needs health and rested nerves—needs to keep self attractive.

Are you the best wife, the best sister, the best mother, daughter or friend it is possible for you to be, or are you in a rut and merely plodding? Then step out. Ruts limit activity, growth; they spell death.

Are you unhappy? Then are you circling round and round the small orbit of self? The centripetal motion will so tighten that it will bind the physical. Unwind, give out, and happiness results just as surely

as the unfolding bud develops color and beauty.

Selfishness tightens the soul; generosity, optimism, helpfulness expand it.

Jeanne d'Arc stands before the world a personification of Courage, instigated by the noble inspiration to free her people from bondage.

Frances Willard gave her life to lifting man from the degradation of drink. Thousands of noble men and women are working in this service to-day.

All life is compensation and recompense. The difference in the quality of pay depends on the motive behind the effort. The giving of self is paid by growth within, by the expansion of the inner life; the giving of time for gold is paid in gold.

The power to grow is the strongest force in all organic matter. Development is the unfailing law of Nature; it is progress, and the best results of this law come from personal effort and self-control.

This and that experience may seem hard;

we bemoan our lot; but the only way out of it is through it. There can be no standing still; we either contract and narrow, making room for stronger forces, or we expand and grow in our constant efforts to overcome. The mere step in going through to the goal beyond brings into play unused powers and ends in an enlarged capacity and a knowledge of that capacity.

This knowledge is a new foundation stone.

The errors and perplexities which go to the making of experience have their uses. By perplexity and grief the untried soul masters perplexity and grief, and stores digested power for future conquest.

The man who rises to a just, frank, and true knowledge of his own powers and capabilities is half way to his goal. Battles are often won before they are fought.

Savonarola would, under different circumstances, undoubtedly have been a good husband, a tender father, a man unknown to history; but misfortune came to visit him, to crush his heart, and to impart that marked

melancholy which characterizes a soul of grief, and the grief which circled his head with a crown of thorns wreathed it also with a crown of immortality.

“We must earn the right to rule self, must ascend to the superb heights where Love, Faith, Justice, and Good reign and radiate their purity and life-giving essence. The being must be bathed to cleanliness in a pure element.

“Belief in God is the uplifting power, the ladder by which we scale the heights, and it imparts a blessing in happiness, in a spiritual spring of joy.”

It is easy to be content, to remain at a standstill, to make no effort to reach out beyond easy environment, but it is stagnation. The soul must be the master; circumstances are but its stepping stones.

Progress: Man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's and not the beast's.
God is. They are. Man partly is
And wholly hopes to be.

No judgment, no decision, no attitude toward life can be final, for these are human attributes and therefore always tentative, open to changes as our experiences broaden and as new light comes from growth and striving. Pity the man who thinks in all things as he thought last year.

Do not criticize a man for having changed his ideas. Every great teacher outgrows his first theory. The leader who holds to one idea presents nothing for you to follow. The very word "follow" means "to progress."

Life is a moving picture, changing while one contemplates. If one sleep, he loses the thread of the story.

Emerson says: "The things we now esteem fixed will one day detach themselves from our experiences, like ripe fruit, and fall. The soul looketh steadily forward, creating a world before her, leaving worlds behind her." *The vision is ahead.*

Yet while we remain open to light, we should not drift rudderless, tossed about by this wave or that. *Believe in something.*

Life seems really worth while when one is *doing* things worth while. It is cold and selfish when one is frittering away time on things small and selfish.

One's possibilities do not develop unless exercised. Thought translated into action becomes a positive force.

Virtues, like every product of life, must be nurtured for growth. Love must be nourished by thoughts of love, of kindness; by doing the act.

Many, through experiences, have developed their capabilities to an extent that they would not have deemed possible a few weeks previous, simply by thinking and then *doing* what had been thought.

If right thoughts do not come voluntarily, call them up. Use will-power to associate

with people and things which suggest them. No one is responsible for your thoughts but yourself.

If others suggest wrong ideas, separate yourself in mind or body by definitely directing both mental and physical activities along other lines. If unhealthy, unhappy thoughts assert themselves from your subconscious mind, use your conscious mind to call up pleasant ones.

Life is too full and broad and big for one to burrow in the mire of despondency or self-centered unhappiness.

Let each take this thought unto self—you are capable of breadths and depths of expansion, of usefulness, of mental and spiritual power, of happiness, far beyond your present horizon. Each time you act, take a step higher up the ladder; you broaden your horizon, you see larger fields.

Each year that records no accomplishment is one step downward, gradually narrowing the horizon.

Aristotle says, "We acquire the virtues by doing the acts. We become builders by building, and so by doing right acts we become righteous."

Life's Harmonies

Life's ecstasy comes in the very joy of life itself; it comes in merely being glad of life, "because it gives us a chance to love, and to serve, and to look up at the stars"—to listen with soul, not ear—"in a word, to let the spiritual, unconscious and unbidden, grow up through the common."

*Life's
Harmonies*

With mind in poise and soul attuned, listen to "stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart." Each morning give a cup of cold water to some thirsty one, each evening lead some wanderer out of the darkness and the storm. By love and kindness bring heaven deep within his heart—so deep that he cannot fail to recognize it as heaven.

God did not fashion man in His likeness, He did not breathe into him the breath of life, He did not create a delicate instrument of infinite susceptibility, without tuning its

strings in harmony with Himself. The master Artist gives the keynote and the soul responds as the strings of the harp to a harmonic chord.

The little one who came in from the garden, flushed and happy, one bright morning, and in response to her mother's inquiry as to her whereabouts, said, "Mamma, I've been helping God train up the morning-glories," expressed a great truth.

The children keep the morning-glories blossoming fresh every day and with their baby fingers train the tendrils of our hearts up to meet the fullness of light and life—object lessons in sunshine, in gladness, in joy.

Life's harmonies for woman are:

Love, respect, and reverence of husband, child, parent, or friend;

Appreciation of loved ones—their heart values;

Sweetness of those dependent on her—it may be the baby shoe, the exemplification of dependence—in this dependence she realizes her usefulness;

Remembrance of the home atmosphere of peace in the silence of twilight;

The Christ life—the Christ spirit—the joyous giving.

In the heart of one mother, who knew she was soon to pass to the beyond, lingered with growing sweetness the expression of her little daughter, who months previous looked at her with wondering admiration as she dressed her hair tastily and put on a particularly becoming gown:

"Mamma, you look just like an angel!"

She hoped that this vision of mother would make a lasting impression on the mind of the child, and, in the coming years, would "allure to brighter worlds and lead the way."

Life is a beautiful journey, mid fields and pastures green,—*beside still waters*. There are rough places in the road, but, if you take time for rest in life's cozy nooks, you will not stumble. There are flowers here and there along the way; sometimes there are briars and brambles, but the firm step of

purpose crushes them underfoot; there is cheerful companionship, there is plenty, there is beauty, and there is love.

Quiet, steady nerves, coupled with serene good cheer and the optimism of sweetness, mean peace, respect, and reverence for the rights and opinions of others. The dignity of a strong soul never permits small disagreements or petty bickerings.

When respect is gone, discord begins. But cultivate a deep respect for the best in every human being. Put the best in you in tune with the best in everyone whom you are inclined to criticize.

Thoughts of harmony bring it near, until it reigns supreme.

Nature's best works are never noisy—they are too deep for sound or foam.

That woman is the ideal wife, the ideal mother, the ideal homemaker, the harbinger of peace, who goes often into her inner silence and emerges anon with depths of sweetness and grace to cheer away all trouble as it presents itself at the door of her loved ones.

Love, harmony, and good will emanate from this peace within; discords, clouded brows, are smoothed, and countenances brightened by the reflection from her own.

She feels the touch of Divinity and emerges in harmony with self, her thoughts colored with kindness and good cheer.

Call this force with which we commune, this "undertone" of our beings, God, spirit, or call it by any name given by this science or that "ology," each knows that there is within a spark which we call SELF, distinguishing the individual and which never changes—a spark never depressed, ever the same—elevating, uplifting, buoyant. It is your higher self dwelling in the silence of your being.

To be great, is to be simply true, and she whose purpose and impulse is to be loyal to her best self, to be genuine, realizes that the great forces of life are serene and deep; that real power is in silent moments.

The voices of the night, the whisperings of

the forest, the noiseless bursting of the buds, all seemingly understand the spiritual forces in man. Each plant, and bird, and tree, and flower, in unassuming integrity, living its own life in simple dignity, leaves man free to be grandly himself, to develop an unswerving strength, which enables him to withstand the buffetings of human contact.

Man toils and sweats for worldly prestige, but he comes back to Nature for peace, and power, and plenty.

She who looks for true grace within self, within friend and foe; who seeks real beauty and truth in God's handiwork—not alone in human life, but in the bird, the droning bee, the busy ant, the simple but majestic dignity of the leafy tree, the coloring of the flowers, the patient winding homeward of the kine at milking time—with the peaceful look of deserved rest—acquires a mental calm, a still, deep force, which is woman's charm, radiating strength, and inspiration.

Wives, sisters, mothers, whose duties lie in making homes, study life's radiance; the

force within self, which never changes; the radiance of soul with which you meet and commune, when you go into the silence of your inner chamber.

Individual Relationship

Individual Relationship Life is an expression of power and form, and each individual is an entity—a kingdom, with complete temporal power over self and material creation.

Deep in the inner consciousness of the individual, is a smoldering spark that is his true self—not the domineering, clayey self, the personality that we recognize as “I”—but a something higher, nobler—his super-self, as it were. And it is in this tiny invisible self that the germ of progress lies. The super-self is virilely latent, but when a breath fans it into flame, only the purest fire arises; that which is sincere and ennobling, and constitutes true progress. It is a constructive flame, it does not destroy, but replaces. It is the constant champion of truth and understanding, and in its battles with blind ignorance overturns it and rules in its stead.

One man aroused to a consciousness of his super-self is a power. He may lead a nation to awakening. Emerson says when a thinking man is born let the nation beware.

If the individual advances, the nation advances; if the individual retrogresses, the nation retrogresses.

The privilege of civilization is ours—yours and mine and every man's. Shall we let it fall to be trampled into the mire? Shall we shirk the duty that is ours, and by so doing, lower the standard of the community, the nation, the race, of which we are a part?

No, a thousand times.

Self-respect is essential to happiness, and what becomes of self-respect when essential duties are not done? Duties that are not only philanthropic, but bring untold riches to our separate selves in reflecting the thing that we have sought—the super-self.

Can't you feel that you are an individual, a force, a personality, that might be put to great uses?

To be your strongest self you must stand

like Pompey's pillar, "conspicuous by one's self and single in integrity."

A perfect equanimity is required to adjust the individual rulers and their dominions, each to the other, yet to preserve the integrity, liberty, and freedom of each.

A perfect physical body, a well-poised, well-developed mind, and a soul in tune with the Infinite, constitute the human trinity. The possibilities of development within this trinity are illimitable. A body, sound in every vital function; supple, free, and buoyant in movement; plastic for reflection, for ready expression of every shade of thought; plastic as the paint with which the artist portrays his ideal on canvas, or the clay from which the sculptor molds his ideal into his model, expresses grace, freedom, and pliability, a perfect physical home. A mind in perfect adjustment, conscious of complete mastery over self, and dominion, tempered with mercy, over material and brute forces, receptive and ready for expansion and growth, expresses the Divine

power which sways the physical. A spirit vibrating in tune with the Infinite, swaying and wielding subtle spirit forces, receiving and giving impulse as communicated by the Creator through the avenues of mind and soul, shows the personality, the ego.

A quickened spirit, a perfect physical expression, a receptive soul—what a power is there! What a privilege, what a delight to develop the trinity!—Ah! the possibilities of life must bid us pause!

The Silence Within

The Silence Within Wholesome men and women there are with sweet, happy faces, soulful with the peace within, whose very presences radiate love, and good cheer, whose serene, calm depths attract as a magnet, whose atmospheres whisper of the dignity of *being*, instead of *doing*.

To be cheerful, bright, tender, and helpful in one's sphere of contact is all that is required of us. To let no influence go out from self that is not helpful, is the secret of a happy life. To be sure of this result, one must establish the habit of daily communion with one's inner, better self—must be sure one is true to the best self, not drifting.

Woman must learn that, to be a wife, a mother, a homekeeper, a factor in education, in church, and in society, she needs, at least once a day, to retire "into the

inner chamber and to shut the door"; to listen to the sweet and holy music in the silence of her own life, audible only to herself and to her Maker. "The melody shall be reawakened, the strings shall be retuned, the brush of the Divine Artist will retouch the panorama of her life with a roseate hue, will give distinctiveness to the perspective, and will make the footpaths through the dark places plain." As she gazes on the picture she is led gently back to the present, and takes up life's duties surrounded by a halo of light; an atmosphere of peace, love, and harmony pervades her.

The little daily margin in the routine of life for the stillness and leisure of growth—for the development from within—is a time saver, it saves the waste of hurry and of noise.

The business, the professional man will also find power and courage in a few quiet moments each day.

Marcus Aurelius says: "It is within thy power whenever thou shalt choose to rest

within thyself," but to be good company our minds must be well stored, must be filled with pure, helpful thoughts.

In the man or woman of strength and force we recognize a depth which we cannot fathom, a something in reserve better than we have been able to touch. It is expressed in a quiet dignity which puts all at ease.

It is the quiet hour of the home life, the silent hour of the fireside, which educates, which cultivates, which touches the chords of harmony.

It is the silence of the "inner chamber" which touches the deep forces of the soul and bids them flow forth. It is from this force of the silence, this calm, sure serenity that one radiates the beauty of life, that one has a vantage ground on which to stand and to accomplish.

Each in the deepest recesses of being is essentially alone.

I walk down the valley of silence—
Down the dim, noiseless valley alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own,

And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown!

In the hush of the valley of silence
I dream all the songs that I sing,
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah, me, how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard.
They pass through the valley like virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there,
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

FATHER RYAN.

Emerson well says: "We descend to meet." We drop to such trivialities, we let go the beautiful chords of life, when we discourse with our friends because we submerge the over-soul, the super-self.

The whole world speaks and writes and thinks in silence on a higher plane than it acts.

It is the soul's response in the silence which *knows*. A few minutes of silent soul communion often adjusts one atmosphere to another and makes us to know our friend better than hours of conversation. We never really enjoy him until we are at home with him in silence.

Would that in our busy world we might take more time for the Angelus, so that as the great bell rings at the sunset hour we may hear the deep and individual message of God spoken to each human heart. Would that once a day we might unveil the reverence of our being so that this bell might speak to each man's soul in tones of solemnity, bidding him relax his toil, let go his hold on duties which man has imposed, and with

uncovered head, reverently listen to the message of "Peace on earth, good will toward men." The very uncovering of the head, the reverent attitude recognizes the message: "*Be still and know that I am God.*"

What an education, what a rest, what a humanizing impulse, what a soul growth would result, if at each sunset hour the world would stand with uncovered head in naked truth, in silent communion, each soul alone with his Father, with his God. The disturbing thoughts, the turbulent waters of the earth would be at rest, problems which vex minds, small and great, would solve themselves. Man would be brought to a realization of his own depths, and of his own strength.

That soul is great which, in the midst of a crowd, can be alone, yet not alone, for he will realize the sweet companionship and friendship of the inner self—that spiritual self which knows the strength, the depth, the rugged serenity of the forty days in the wilderness—breathing and emanating the atmos-

sphere of the silent, stalwart breath of the forest, of the mountain and of the sea.

The man who does not feel the strength, the uplift of the Divine, in silent, soulful communion with Nature, has not awakened to the possibilities within himself.

He who falls into erring ways, does so because his mind and soul are dwarfed. He has not been awakened to possibilities. It may be that the great truths of life have been put to him in a narrower gauge than his nature calls for, and instead of thinking them out for himself, he closes his mind to the greater truth, because he does not like the garb in which it is presented. Such an one needs more of the society of God's "out of doors," instead of men. He needs his own thoughts adjusted under cover of the clear, blue sky.

Someone has said, "I love the society of trees, and of flowers; they are dignity in gentle repose. They leave me free. They make no claim upon me to entertain or be entertained. Not one of them thrusts himself upon me

in bustling, insignificant, personal importance. Not one of them constrains me to an ostentatious homage. They do not pay or claim court. They are grandly themselves and they permit me to be grandly myself. This silence is fruitful and life expansive. They let me rest within the pleasant naturalness of mine own being. In the harmony of their surrounding quiet, my soul goes out to them in such nearness of contact, that it can almost hear how they grow—almost see the secret by which they appropriate their perfect coloring and dainty grace. Let me remain much in their presence and receive their silent teaching."

The great soul listens, and applies.

Dwellers in cities control and manipulate large enterprises; they solve large problems of man's forming. This temporal, civic power shows the trend of man's mind to develop, to expand, to do. The very pleasure of having is in the satisfaction of doing—many a bubble long striven for, bursts, or becomes as an old toy, when once within the grasp.

All men to be at their best must either recognize an all-powerful force working with them in their city lives, or they must go periodically into the silent, mighty forces of the forest, must "put their ears against the earth and listen to the movement of the ground swell," must realize the indomitable expansion and growth in all nature, then the vantage point from which they see all life will be regained, and problems obscure in the confusion of mental clouds will become plain.

John Ruskin says: "To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over plow, shovel, or spade, to read, to think, to love, to pray, are the things which make men happy."

For men, like the grain of the corn-field, grow
small in the huddled crowd,
And weak for the breath of spaces where a soul
may speak aloud;
For hills, like stairways to heaven, shaming the
level track,
And sick with the clang of the pavements and
the marts of the trafficking pack.

Greatness is born of greatness, and breadth of a
breadth profound;
The old Antæan fable of strength renewed from
the ground
Was a human truth for the ages; since the hour
of the Eden-birth
That man among men was strongest who stood
with his feet on the earth.

SHARLOT MABRIDTH HALL.

Freedom of Thought

**Freedom
of Thought** Any experience makes for progress, for growth which gives us a distinct view of ourselves, stimulates to individual thought. One ought never to care so much for the intellectual conclusion of to-day as for the broader view which to-morrow may reveal. The chief thing to avoid is stagnation.

Be ready every day to learn something new.

God forbid that we think to-day as we thought yesterday. Life is progress. We either expand and develop, or we retrograde and give place to others. It is not possible to stand still physically, mentally, or spiritually.

Do not chain yourself to the past. You have walked out of it. You awaken every morning a free human being with all the storehouse of life to draw from. Worry?

Over what? Yesterday has gone. To-day the whole storehouse of creative force is yours to draw upon, and the knowledge of its limitless supply gives you the consciousness of power and of plenty.

One's conclusion of this year will not be the decision of last. All life is growth—"To stand still you must run like sixty."

Emerson says: "With consistency, oh fool, a great soul has simply nothing to do."

The strong man shakes himself free from meshes which once bound him, as a young horse tosses his mane in delightful freedom and independence.

Spiritual evolution ever tends to freedom, to fullness of life and self-mastery—a joyousness in being the free-born child of a King.

Growth comes with a complete change from daily thought; when one ventures outside of prescribed limits and dares to think on unwonted themes.

No environment is so sacred, no occupation so worthy, that one should not disengage himself from it for a season, either to return

with new life, greater freedom, and clearer vision, or not at all.

The power to accomplish our best is outside the human province until we learn that everything that occurs is in the fulfillment of an ever-moving purpose.

Beliefs, customs, habits should be the means to the great end, freedom, and never master of the soul.

Freedom is individual harmony, not absorption, and we are free in so far as we have freed the powers of thought, the powers of acting and living from our own point of view.

The thread which shall lead us out of the labyrinth of ignorance into the broad light of day, we alone can find. We must expand to the light as the individual flower creeps up from out the mold and unfolds its springtime beauty.

Permanent progress results as the soul understands itself; each step into untried fields, taken with confidence and in a receptive attitude, brings light and fuller knowledge.

Man should allow no one to do his think-

ing for him, should accept no one's ideas until handled by his thought and thus made his own. Ideas must be worked out from his own consciousness to be a part of him.

Guard yourself against prejudice. Minds may become so hedged about by conventions and biased, narrow thoughts, that they cannot expand; they travel in narrow grooves. Did anyone question Frances Willard's ability, high spiritual attainment, or singleness of purpose in discharging her privileges and duty to mankind? She saw the occasion and the occasion developed the woman. A great force made itself felt through her; yet one narrow mind went so far as to say to the writer:

"I thought Chicago women believed Frances Willard a Christian woman?"

I replied, "I believe the *world* regarded her as a Christian. While we are proud of her as a citizen we know that her life, her influence, belong to the world."

"Well, she was *not* a Christian for she did not believe the Bible."

"I do not know her interpretation of all parts of the Bible, but the vital point is that she *lived* its principles."

"She cannot believe one part of the Bible without believing it all. She cannot be part Christian without being wholly one. Why did she order her body to be cremated when the Bible distinctly says that the 'body shall be buried in the grave'? What will she do at the resurrection day?"

"If the Lord wants her physical body, can He not resurrect it from her ashes as well as her dust?"

"But that is not the question. She did not believe the whole of the Bible. She disobeyed the express command of the Lord, hence she was *not* a Christian."

This decision in his mind was final. Any attempt to change his belief would result in strengthening the battlements. His trend of thought was confined to narrow borders. Suggestion in such cases must come so subtly that he thinks the thought original with himself.

The Bible is interpreted by each, according to his light, breadth, and experience.

Hell fire and eternal damnation, which have been vividly pictured to some of us, was once held up by parents and teachers as the punishment of a child who dared question its interpretation.

We were told we *must* believe such and such interpretation or after death we burned in pits of literal fire; the spirits were freed from all touch with material, except the terrible, literal, material flame which consumed eternally. As a result of this and other interpretations the churches lost power, and many are wandering rudderless, yet earnestly reaching for an anchorage.

How many really, *honestly* believed in literal hell fire after death, because they had done something which a group of men told them they must not do, is a question. The result of this training was not a love for the Bible, which contains the greatest truths of life, but a fear and horror of the dreadful pictures of the hereafter—an interpretation

contradictory to every natural, God-given instinct. Certainly the young turned from this doctrine, so contrary to love, the main-spring of life.

Freed from the awful fear of death, we now turn to the Bible and search for the message it holds for each of us. Wondrous love, and faith, and trust, are for all. Read it in a receptive attitude and,

“Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.”

John viii., 32.

The mind must be in a receptive attitude to admit the spirit impress, whether it be in a church, in a corn field, in the business mart, or in the home. The blessing comes direct from God; the minister merely gives the suggestion for man's thought.

Any agency which gives to you the right suggestion, which puts you in harmony with the Universal Love, is a minister, whether it be a running brook, a barefoot boy, a man on the gallows, or your own child.

If the pastor's personality does not please, remember it is his *message* you are there to receive, that he is doing his best in interpretation and suggestion. If you are receptive, you help him to be a yielding instrument and thus enable him to give of the real truth more freely. Your atmosphere of harmony strengthens his power.

Do not think of the church as your religion; it merely calls you to "think on these things." Sect is not religion. Religion is inborn—sect is a man-made classification according to individual interpretation of Biblical truths.

We work in church organizations under a man-made code of rules, that, by united efforts, we may have broader opportunities for usefulness. This is desirable, but every man's, every woman's soul is broader than a creed.

Ethics of the Man of Galilee

Ethics of We have shorn religion of much
the Man of of its mysticism by refusing to
Galilee take our thoughts second hand.
We have sifted what to us has seemed the wheat from the chaff and woven the best thoughts with our own. We have sat upon the grass in God's churchyard, where we have cleared away much of the mist of creed which obscured our vision. We have seen Jesus as the human, the carpenter, moving among us as man. Then we have seen Christ the spiritual man, embodied and controlling the human, and, as the basic principle of all, we have seen God.

We will soon fill our churches with leaders who voice our composite thoughts, for each individual must see for himself—not through another's eyes—and the world never saw Christ as the way-shower, the road builder, more clearly than it sees him to-day. He

must be seen in the composite national life if a nation is to stand.

Christ, show us the way!

Through prayer the spirit within comes in touch with the spirit of the Christ and through this spiritual contact must come our peace and light.

Our platform must be Justice, Humanity, Helpfulness, Faith, Love. "Faith can remove mountains."

What do we mean by a Christian nation except that it be based on the teachings of Christ? How comes the religion of so large a part of the world to be centered around the teachings of a carpenter who lived in a little town called Nazareth nearly two thousand years ago? Not because of the man, but because of the Power within this man who said: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me!" One man, as we are prone to look upon man as a physical being, drawing all men through the ages? No, the *Power within the man*. The Power which he came to explain to us.

Hundreds of prophets have arisen but almost
the world follows only this man.

Men, women, nations, awake! The power that has drawn all nations to the Christian religion, through the influence of one man, is not asleep. It is as potent, as forceful to-day as two thousand years ago. Listen! It is working in the undertone of every man who stands for Right, for Justice, for Love, for Humanity. That power is back of every man who is big enough to recognize the Divine power in MAN.

The ethics of Christ are working in the hearts of men.

The principle underlying human life spells Christianity.

May the undertone of life, the power of the undertow, engulf misguided leaders, grapple, hold them, and give them pause. God pity and give them peace! Give them the desire for helpfulness that uplifts—an *understanding* heart—a depth of love unfathomable.

The undertone of life shall bring Christ

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to the surface, glorified in a peace the world has never known, and we shall see each other as we really are—glorified in Love.

So let it be.

Life's Pathways

All paths, when followed with courage and sincerity, lead to the same Divine source. Few, if any, go ultimately astray. There are no lost sheep. They may have strayed for a time among the briars and the brambles, but they are in the fold; the confines of this earthly pasturage are secure, fenced in by man's instinctive inclination to good and right—the God in him.

Some are through the valleys, some are in the glare of the footlights, others in the radiance of the sun, in the broil and heat of turmoil, while many walk within the cool shade, the shelter of another strong enough to shield from trouble, yet we are traveling to the same goal, each by his own roadway.

All roads that lead to God are good.
What matters it, your faith or mine?
Both center at the goal divine
Of Love's eternal Brotherhood.

The kindly life in house or street,
The life of prayer and mystic rite,
The student's search for truth and light—
These paths at one great Junction meet.

What matters that one found his Christ
In rising sun or burning fire?
If faith within him did not tire,
His longing for the truth sufficed.

A thousand creeds have come and gone,
But what is that to you or me?
Creeds are but branches of a tree—
The root of Love lives on and on.

Though branch by branch proves withered wood,
The root is warm with precious wine.
Then keep your faith and leave me mine—
All roads that lead to God are good.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

To-day, freed from many of the old interpretations, from the cruel bondage of fear, we are growing physically stronger, mentally and spiritually more free. Like released birds we shake off our fetters and fly up to the light of heaven's blue. As we look about where next to go, we could run for very

gladness, for each path shows rainbows of light at every turn.

Let us build our own inner temples of worship, our inner shrines where we commune with our Creator and receive suggestions within our own souls, then happiness and sunshine will flood us. Verily, "*the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.*" But let us not forget the inspiration of communion together in the churches.

The birds were made to sing, the children to laugh and play, and man to be happy, well, useful, and *free*.

One seldom unreservedly accepts the views of another.

Do not be disappointed if one you love does not unreservedly accept your theories; he may take only such parts as shed light on his problems. Each soul is an entity, building for himself a tower, accepting only such grains of truth as mix with his mortar, only such bricks as fit into his niches. If your thoughts do not entirely supply the need, he may, from your material and his own, make

another composition. You may be helping more than you know.

Rarely does man reverse his viewpoint; he is more apt to turn it about to get this light and that. If, however, he finds that he has builded upon the sands, as does a man when he learns that he has pinned his faith to a woman, untrue to self and to him, he must shatter the superstructure, the very underpinning, and begin anew. Rarely does he use the courage and faith to do this, especially if he is nearing middle life, but there is no age to the spirit, and no limit to its inspiration to new ideals.

Unhappy woman, who is at heart untrue to womankind! She may, by accident or impulse, be faithless to the man and he can forgive, but, if she be faithless to self, wrong at the core, his very ideal of womanhood crumbles.

To kill an ideal is a sacrilege.

To advance towards freedom, we must first have the ideal and the desire to reach it. Desire is a prayer and every step leads

us nearer. You will not lack human companionship on the way. Do not think there are none near who can help. Perhaps not physically near, but the post, the railways are great levelers of strata. There are always the friends you can call to you by the printed page; there is no distance that cannot be spanned by printed messengers.

Time was when our fore parents, separated from friends, with no literature, no railroads, no touch of human sympathy, were truly isolated, but that day has passed. Friends' messages are now in our public libraries, on our bookshelves, on our tables, and in each daily and weekly post. Every writer whose purpose is to help, to uplift, to enlighten, feels a fellowship with all who desire to grow, feels the commingling of universal aspiration on its upward flight.

One is never alone who is accompanied by noble thoughts and an earnest search for truth. The friends on your book-shelves, through the breadth of spaces, are clasping your hand and marching in step with you.

Thoughts and interests in common make comrades. I know a man who always speaks of Herbert Spencer as his closest friend. He was and is his comrade in thought; though he never saw him in the flesh, he is nearer and dearer than his immediate companions.

Every man, every slave, felt that Abraham Lincoln was his brother. Though miles away, he was his brother, he *is* his brother. He sent his thoughts, his spiritual force and each spirit responded in unison. No great force like this is ever lost.

A law of selection draws us toward those who are thinking along the same lines; this tends toward the positive growth. If our purposes are strong, opposition, by development of resistive thought and purpose, but strengthens us.

If, in your present environment, you feel hampered in development, send out a thought, a desire, a prayer for your enlightenment, and then be watchful. Let your steadfast purpose be to seize the moral, material, and

spiritual opportunities that may come; your very desire will release the forces that are cramping you.

What may I do in order to advance yet further toward the goal of rounded, wise, beautiful self-expression?

Give—give of self in as many avenues as open from your immediate pathway; each path shows your visions beckoning to you from beyond.

Measure of Age

High ideals and lofty sentiments, with mind and heart alert for new light, fresh thoughts to weave into new pictures, keep the heart and brain and body young and strong. There is no senility in progress.

**Measure
of Age**

We do not "grow old."

Age comes in relaxing effort, in letting go. So long as we keep growing we are young—new cells are being born. We are the chemical laboratories of life; and cheerful thoughts give inspiration to life's building.

Age is not measured by revolutions on the sundial. It is measured by the growth of the spirit, by the acceptance of new ideas. It may be the watching for a new flower each morning, or a new note in the song-bird's carol, or a new shade in heaven's blue.

High ideals and lofty purposes, the fre-

quent uplift to something better, the happy mental attitude, are Nature's rejuvenators.

Let us admit no false limit to youth. The psalmist's lamentation that "the length of man's days shall be three score and ten" has falsely been taken as Divine prophecy, instead of the wailings of a man who was suffering. Yet this lament has been the measure of life for many a man.

There is negation in talking, in thinking death. Every emotion has its corresponding chemical activity. There is positive growth in thoughts of life. There is stimulation to growth in joy and happiness.

We forget that Christ came with "I have come that ye might have LIFE and life more abundantly." We no longer build our churches in cemeteries.

Let us live longer by living more fully, more richly each day—richly because of richer thinking and more efficient doing. Finer thinking means finer power.

Let us keep the negatives out of mind if we would live longer. Let us learn to love

constructive thoughts, to keep love as our healing agent, learn to flood our consciousness with the good and the true and the beautiful.

We kiss the bruised fingers of our little ones and the love atmosphere evidently heals. There is truth in this habit—vital truth.

We will be younger, stronger, better next week, next year, because our minds are building better every day. Why dread the years when they are accumulating such a fund of rich experiences?

At fifty and sixty the children are reared and one is ready to enjoy the children's children, without the attendant care that comes to the parent. Freed from these cares the woman manages her household with ease, and is ready to reach out into broader fields of usefulness, to work for the public housekeeping, the public good. The father is freed, to an extent, of financial strain. He has time to look about him.

Woman rejuvenates her face and figure, if

she has neglected them; the bloom of the Indian summer is in her appearance. She is free to enjoy outdoor sports and she has more time for the good comradeship of husband and family.

In ceasing to be the working housekeeper and the working mother, she finds broader opportunities to make herself felt in the hearts of those about her and to develop thoughts of universal motherhood. There is leisure now to cultivate the happy habit, to rear flowers in the sunshine of Love.

As children leave the home shelter for the protection of love and homes of their own, Nature beckons her out of doors to learn new songs, to find new beauty in flowers and fruit. She sees life without its turmoil.

Life after Death

One great aging factor in the past has been the fear of death. Death? **Life after Death**
There is no death. There is something within us that never dies. The physical body which has bound us to earth while we were developing here lets go its hold, but the thought, the agent of the spirit, is simply freed.

How do I know? I know with that sixth sense, with the woman's reason—"Because." May not woman's "Because" be spiritual understanding?

It is a privilege to develop the soul while in the body. It must be a still more glorious privilege to go on developing without the limitations of the physical.

No force in Nature is lost. Plants grow, blossom, and decay. Every particle of the decayed substance is used again; the carbonic acid gas passes off to feed other plant

life, while the mineral substance is used by the earth in producing soil and in feeding other growth, as with the body when the spirit has deserted it. If wood be burned, the gases pass off more rapidly and the rapid combustion creates heat and energy. If these pass off very rapidly, light is created. All these are simply forces changing form.

Everything in Nature is in constant use. A pile of decaying vegetation creates heat by means of the chemical action of the gases in escaping.

Think you that this eternal law, this conservation of energy, does not apply to the spiritual world, as well as to the material? Is it possible to conceive that the greatest of all forces, one that controls the body, gives it life, and leaves it powerless at the change that we call death—the soul—can ever be lost?

“Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar’s and unto God the things which are God’s.”

“Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.” “The spirit returns to the God who gave it.”

The spirit growing—expanding—bursts its bonds.

Does it go far from its past environment? Who shall say? If it lives in a medium all its own, is it possible for it to impress itself on other spirits, or to give a part of its fire through this same medium?

The belief that the liberated spirit still influences spirits in the body is gaining ground. We were once taught that the spirit went to "heaven"—some mystical place which we located above us.

That the spirits of loved ones linger near, that we feel their influence, that they do not lose their individuality but continue to develop, is as reasonable a belief as that they go to some mystical heaven far away.

Many on this plane have firmly felt that they have communicated with those who have passed on. Who can say this may not be so?

No matter where they go, since all physical life has been demonstrated as eternal, is it not logical to believe that the spirit is eternal and that this life continues?

The thought that Christ rose from earth and appeared to his disciples has influenced the world for two thousand years.

Why not accept unreservedly the belief that life once begun is never ended? Cycles of progress await the spirit on this plane or in other spheres of activity.

The fear of death is one of the greatest restraints to life, to growth. We do not realize how our lives are hampered by fear of it.

Shakespeare says: "He who cuts off twenty years of life, cuts off so many years of fearing death. Grant that, and then is death a benefit, etc."

If the spirits linger near, it is pleasant to feel that they are ever helping and impressing for good those whose lives were knitted to theirs in the past. They may or may not commune, so that we can see or hear or know with the physical senses, but have we not all, in some receptive mood, when lifted above the petty cares of the day, felt a sweet influence pervading the very air? Let it be the individual spirit of father, mother, or friend;

let it be the love and influence of all spirits, the choir invisible; or call it the creative Force we name God, it is felt and *known*—not with the knowledge of the senses, but with the knowledge of another sense—spiritual understanding.

We know not where we shall go, but we know that Christ said, “I am the Way,” and that he would prepare no mean place for those who follow in his footsteps of Love and Light and Truth and Beauty. He knew no harm—his whole life was love and trust. He who was all kindness knew that the soul’s growth is freedom.

Love and light are the eternal forces and it is in their atmosphere, only, that we can grow. Growth is life and life is growth, so love must be an abiding quality, as it is the heart relief, the soul comfort.

Love being the strongest force of life, controlling all when not struggling with the cares of the physical forces, may it not be that, when relaxed and at rest, we are surrounded with the bond, the united love

force of all who have been freed from the flesh.

Rarely does one member of a family leave the physical life, that others do not shortly follow. May it be that the spiritual tie is so strong that it is not wholly severed and draws others unto self? May not this love be the food, the nourishment for soul growth?

Realize that there is a great and mighty force working through all human life, as powerful as the force of light, as powerful as the rays of heat, as powerful as the ether which conveys thought by means of the Marconi system, and that this force works in accordance with fixed laws. Consciousness of love is the reward of putting oneself in harmony with this law, and the effects of hatred, anger, jealousy, etc., on the physical, are the penalty of disobeying the law.

This power works through man, as surely as do the chemical forces of Nature. It is shaping his thoughts, it is directing his purposes, is leading him on. It is building for better.

Science, until the past few years, has recognized only five senses, hearing, seeing, smelling, touching, tasting. It was hinted that there might be a sixth sense, but those who dwelt on this thought were termed visionary. Yet each is conscious of a knowledge of things not explained by the five senses.

A few years ago nothing was known of the existence of ether, the element in the air which conveys thought by vibrations. Marconi utilized this law and demonstrated beyond question that vibrations are carried through the air hundreds of miles beyond the sound waves; hundreds of miles beyond the senses of smell, sight, or touch.

We cannot see, hear, smell, or feel the law which makes an apple fall from a tree to the earth, instead of going off into space or falling toward the sun, yet we know that the law of gravitation draws all things toward the earth.

We cannot tell why we are instinctively drawn toward some people, while others repel us; we do not know why a child, before

it can reason, intuitively goes to one person and draws away from another. We do not know why we feel uncomfortable in the presence of some and relaxed and at ease with others.

Some experimenters claim to have registered thought waves. This may be possible; we cannot define either the limitations of acute senses or of the skilled mechanician. Much that has been termed mystical is being cleared up and now recognized as fact.

There is a happy mean, between those who believe so strongly in spirit control that their faces and their attitude take on a mystical appearance, and those who arrogantly hold themselves superior to anything that cannot be explained by the five senses.

One possessing a small, hard, narrow nature, who scoffs at idealization and prides himself on being "practical," on dealing with material things only, is saved much sorrow, yet such a nature gives little to the world.

These practical, self-satisfied natures may

not pause to remember how often the physical senses deceive them, how often the organs of sight, taste, and hearing lead astray.

Does it not show greater wisdom to realize that we are under the laws of an all-pervading force shaping the universe? We cannot tell whence these forces come nor limit their power, but so far as we can understand the laws of the spirit force from their effect on our thoughts and on our physical natures, we can put ourselves in harmony by obeying them.

The man who has thought much, studied much, weighed all sides of the question, has the courage to say, "I do not know."

How much mental and physical effort we continuously put forth to understand and create in the material world and how little time we spend in a receptive attitude comprehending the spiritual! Eight hours a day are given to life's physical activities, eight hours to sleep, and eight hours preparing for the physical work, caring for the body, or seeking pleasure. Little time is given to the development of the spiritual nature or to

listening to the "wee sma'" voice—listening with soul, not ear. The recreation of soul to soul communion gives balance for material contact.

In the activities of earlier life, various passions strive for ascendancy. In the relaxation of later life, love and peace prevail—not man's will but God's love more surely rules. Is this harmony with the Divine, the state of the spirit, after death? Then in this atmosphere of peace,

"O Death, where is thy sting?
O Grave, where is thy victory?"

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

Naught to Fear

Let us consider what it is to feel we have no outrages or evil to resent, no slight to overlook. What a precious freedom, what a shedding of fetters! Naught to fear more than the clear, blue sky overhead, the gracious impartial sunshine, and the loving omnipresence of God. Such revised manner of thinking must revise the manner of breathing—must revise the heart pulses and the manner of the blood's circulating—must revise the entire physical expression of the Divine idea of Good. "Such a belief in Good must be a transition from the inharmony of chaos to the harmony of heaven and must bring a fullness, a richness of life—life—life—Life which is crowding the earth, the air, the ocean for standing room!" It is bursting from every seed pod and springing from every sea shell.

**Naught
to Fear**

To lose all selfishness, all self-interest, to

let go all dogma, all preconceived beliefs, not consistent with our present status of growth, to open the soul is the only life of power; we must be ready to say: "Here am I, Lord, send me"—not with a broken, contrite spirit, but with voice and heart, mind and body strong and free and willing, unreserved and wholehearted.

The whole import of life is expressed in Jacob's command to Joseph:

"Go forth, I pray thee, and see how it fares with thy brethren and return to me."

"Go forth, and return to me." As you go forth to see how it fares with others, your ideals are broadened, your mind takes note of other thoughts and is quickened and expanded; your heart gives out to those less fortunate and your growth comes in proportion. You realize your companionship with right and truth. This very feeling of companionship gives warmth and light. Ah, the beautiful laws of the unseen!

Do not forget the individual message to each of us—

"Go forth and return to me."

Whether we will or not, we *go forth* and *return*. What message shall we take home? Have we helped our brethren in the development of life? Have we shown them its beauties? Have we helped them to see the truth and the beauty and the purity of life? If not, why?

Let us live up to our noblest ideals, and with mind and spirit fixed upon a high purpose, the little worries of life will merge into greater thoughts. Let us keep our hearts pure, our aspirations high, and let no night envelop us in silence until every unkind thought, every wrong impulse, has been mellowed and dispelled.

Let no sun set which does not bless some kindly act, some helpful thought, some unselfish work.

Let us cultivate a serene mental poise and remember that by being sweet, wholesome, and true we add to the sweetness and to the beauty of the universe.

Let us not lose sight of our possibilities—remember that the great oak is enfolded in the acorn.

We pass through this world but once—we have but one opportunity for helpfulness and kindness. Let us not neglect the opportunity to fill each day with gladness for some fellow traveler.

So shall we leave an impress on the lives about us which shall tell in generations yet to come—"so shall we join the choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world."

*Longum illud tempus, quum non ero,
magis me movet, quam hoc exiguum.*—Cicero.

May we say with George Eliot:

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity;
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's
search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven;
To make undying music in the world,

Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we *inherit* that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed and agonized,
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child
Poor, anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever.

This is life to come,

Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—

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Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

THE END

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